A VanPatten
Me

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XXVIII. ROBERT BONNER, { COR. OF WILLIAM AND SPRUCE STS. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1872. TERMS. { $3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 35.

WILD MARY.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Mine is a tale of the yellowing woods,
And a maiden who dwells by the river.
She wanders afar in her sorrowful moods,
And her words make a bold man shiver.
She wears a chaplet of blood-red leaves;
Her eyes have a strange, wild gleaming;
She has coal-black hair, and a face that is fair,
And she walks as one who is dreaming.

"Oh, Mary! wild Mary! what seekest thou here?
The leaves in the storm-winds are flying;
The blast it is chill, and the season is sere;
To whom art thou calling and crying?"
"Hush, hush!" she mutters, her finger upraised;
"Know'st thou not that he comes to-morrow?"
Poor, desolate Mary! her mind is crazed;
She has walked until weary in sorrow.

"I tell thee to-morrow; so he said last night,
When here by the river we parted.
Fear not he will break his true love-plight,
His poor Mary to leave broken-hearted."
"Poor, hapless one! it was not last night,
But ten years gone, and over,
That here, beside the blue-rushing tide,
You parted from your true lover.

"Even now you can hear the cataract's roar,
And see its rainbow's glimmer,
Where his boat plunged down, to rise no more,
And he too, though a first-rate swimmer."
"I tell thee, to-morrow!"—she gazed on me
In a way that made me shiver—
"To-morrow! Nor will he less welcome be
For having been wet in the river.

"See! I am crowned for the wedding to-day,
These leaves than gold are rarer;
Jamie always loved to see me gay,
And surely I never was fairer."
"But Jamie is dead this many a year;
Hie thee home with thy crazy sorrow."
Her look was stern, and her voice severe—
"I tell thee he comes to-morrow."

Oh, Mary! sad ghost of the yellowing woods,
Not alone in thy grief art thou stricken:
While the dark shadow over the blue river broods,
Wild memories ever must thicken
'Round the gray-haired cataract's mist-wreathed rim,
With its terrible voice of thunder,
And the Witches' Caldron, hoary and grim,
That forever is fretting under.

* * *

KATE ARLINGTON;

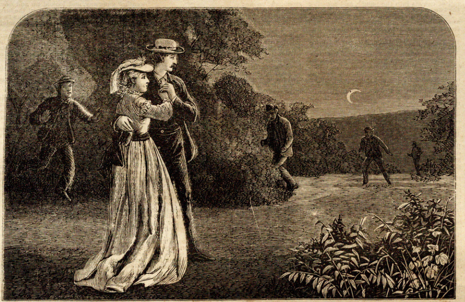
OR,

The Buccaneer's Bridal.

A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1872, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.



DR. GASTON AND MISS ARLINGTON TAKEN PRISONERS BY THE BUCCANEERS.

CHAPTER I.

PLOTTERS AT THE BROWN BEAR.

Our opening scenes are laid in Boston; and at the time of which we write that broad and imposing section of Devonshire street, extending from Milk to Summer, was but a narrow, tortuous alley, and between Franklin and Summer an old barn and cow yard still marked the spot which had aforetime been the centre of d'Acosta's pasture. From Milk to Franklin streets the by-way was known as Theatre Alley, and those who might not be admitted to a social equality with the revellers that frequented the Stackpole House could find in this Alley quarters which opened to them readily. About half way up the narrow pass, above the door of a dingy wooden building, was suspended a sign bearing upon its two faces the representation of a dirty looking brown bear, and underneath the ursine picture, in fair old English letters, was the legend,—"COME TO ME, AND I'LL WARM YE."

Douglas Dunlap kept the Brown Bear. He had kept it for years. We do not know that he was related to the "Mother Dunlap," whose well-known—to the last generation of Bostonians—tobacco sign appeared on the opposite side of the way, and nearer to the theatre. We can only say that Douglas was about passing from the stage when the feminine Dunlap spread her pipes and tobacco and beer mugs in Theatre Alley.

It was late in the day—a June day, that had been dull and lowering—when a party of three men occupied the little back parlor of the Brown Bear. The apartment was of goodly proportions, comfortably furnished, with chairs and tables of solid English oak, the floor well sanded, and daylight coming in through a broad skylight in the sloping roof. The men were at the table farthest removed from the door that communicated with the tap-room, and were dipping their small pewter ladles into a bowl of cold punch.

As these men have their parts to play in our story we may as well introduce them before proceeding further. They were all dressed in the garb of the sea, and their faces and hands had that crisp, brown look which betokens long and constant exposure to the vicissitudes of the weather.

The man who appeared to lead the party, being in authority, was the youngest of the three. He was not far from five and thirty; tall and slim; with yellow hair and blue eyes. His face was strongly marked, and the lower jaw was square and heavy. Immediately above the eyes the brow was full even to protruding, thence sloping away to a high, full back head. We have said that he was slim; but his slimness was only comparative. His great height—two or three inches over six feet—gave the appearance. His blue jacket was of finer material than were those of his companions, and upon the point of the rolling collar was a small silver star. This man's name was Mark Rowland.

The second man was of middle age—perhaps five and forty—large and strong; with black hair, and dark, luminous eyes; and with a skin, where it was exposed, as dark as a mulatto's. He was a regular sea-dog, and his bronzed face gave token, in its scars and battered features, of many a severe conflict. This was Roger Wade; and the silver whistle which was suspended about his neck by a chain of the same metal indicated very plainly his office of boatswain.

The third man was full fifty years of age; a short, broad-shouldered, grizzled veteran; with a face knotted and seamed; and with crisp, gray hair, in fretted tangles—which might have been curls had they been combed out—shocked about a head that was large enough to hold the brain of a judge. He wore a rough pea-jacket, and upon the collar of his blue shirt appeared a pair of cross-cannons, wrought with white thread. This man answered to the name of Grant Gurney, and though he appeared to treat Rowland as his superior, yet it was plain to be seen that he was held in great respect by both his companions.

The three men had sipped their punch a while in silence, when Rowland thumped smartly upon the table with his ladle, and very soon Douglas Dunlap, a fat old publican of threescore, made his appearance from the tap-room.

"Are there no signs of the captain yet?" demanded Rowland.

"Not yet, sir," answered the host. "I'll send him in as soon as he comes."

"And be sure you let no one else in."

"I'll look out for that, sir."

"Brew us another bowl o' punch, Douglas," said Gurney. "We may as well be doin' something, and this breaker's a'most empty."

"Hold on," interposed Rowland, with a deprecatory gesture. "We must have clear heads if the captain's work is to come off."

"Egad!" cried Gurney, with a laugh, "you may let old Dunlap alone for taking care o' that. He knows the difference atween the cost of what's in his well and what's in his pipes, and the tingle o' this brew shows 'at he means to keep us sober. Blow me, if there's spirit enough in it to warm a landlubber. One more bowl,—and let it be rum at the bottom this time."

Dunlap took the joke kindly, and the more so as Rowland signified his willingness to have another bowl of punch set upon the board. The fresh tipple was brought in, with pipes and tobacco, and the trio were left once more to themselves.

"Come, Grant,—A penny for your thoughts!"

It was Rowland who spoke. Grant Gurney looked up with a start, his cup half way between the table and his lips, and having caught the signification of the demand, he emptied the contents of the ladle down his throat, and then replied:

"If ye thought to stop that tort o' grog, Leftenant, ye was mistaken. As for my thoughts, s'pose 'n we have yours first?"

"You are the oldest, Grant,—do you speak first. I will follow."

"Well," said the old dog, after a pause, "I don't know as there can be any harm in overhaulin' one's lumber-box afore true shipmates; so here goes: I was thinkin' 'at this freak o' the capt'n's is a kind of a wild one. I can't say 'at I 'xactly like it. But—mind ye,—I don't offer no objection. I only hold my opinion, which is good till it's knocked from under me."

"You are right, old boy; and I am with you," responded the lieutenant.

Both the men looked at their companion, who nodded, over his cup,—

"I find no fault, seein' as the capt'n means to do the fair thing by us. If he gets the gal, he will divide his prize-money with us."

"That's fair, sartin," said Gurney.

"And, moreover," pursued Roger Wade, scowling until his dark face looked fearfully sinister and malignant, "I owe Reuben Arlington grudge enough to lead me in the matter. I don't forget that he broke me; and though I say it, yet it's true—he broke a better man than he put over me. When he took me down from my mate's berth he did the same as discharge me; for he know'd very well 'at I'd never sail afore the mast in a ship where I'd once been in the cabin."

"And you never wronged him?" suggested Rowland, more for the purpose of touching one of the boatswain's favorite topics than for gaining information.

"Never!" cried Wade, bringing his fist upon the table with a force that lifted the punch-bowl. "I was too honest for him. I would have got too much work out of his men. The men complained of me, ———! They said I was hard on 'em. Egad! I don't wonder 'at one or two of 'em thought so. They was a set o' caulkers, and I sp'ilt their caulkin' for 'em. That was it. I say, let's go in for Barker Dixon. He's a better man nor ever Reuben Arlington was, and Arlington made the greatest blunder of his life when he gave Dixon his discharge. A better sailor nor ship-master never worked a reckonin' for him."

"I go for Barker Dixon, sartin," responded Gurney.

"I don't think the capt'n will question my faith," added Rowland.

"In course not," said Gurney. "He knows who's who. He knows who to trust. You wouldn't be a leftenant of the sarciest craft 'at floats if you hadn't showed a respectable bit of trustworthiness."

"As for that matter," suggested Wade, "our skipper an't easy to be cheated by men. He knows 'em about as soon as he sees 'em; but I've sometimes fancied 'at his head was a leetle tarned on women. I think they can fool him."

The lieutenant shook his head negatively. He did not coincide.

"It's so," persisted the swart boatswain, earnestly.

And still Rowland expressed incredulity. He did not think the captain could be fooled, even by a woman.

This put Roger Wade to his mettle. He was not a man given to many words under any circumstances, and when his head was perfectly cool he was particularly reticent; but on the present occasion the punch had warmed and quickened his pulses, and his tongue was correspondingly loosened.

"I tell ye," he cried, with a heavy blow of his fist upon the table, "no good 'll come to Barker Dixon of this thing. He'd better let the gal go her own way. She an't to blame because she don't like him."

"I understand," interrupted Gurney, "'at Dixon's pushin' so hard after the gal clinched the old 'un's mind to set him adrift."

"That's just it," answered Wade. "Dixon fancied Miss Kate, and wanted her for a wife. Lord! how old Arlington did huff and pout when he knew it! And I can fancy how the gal's eyes snapped. But it wasn't so to be. Miss Kate was promised to another, so I understand—a young doctor, whose father was a chum of old Arlington's. And here, I say, was the place for Dixon to give in. What's he goin' to gain by cuttin' out and runnin' off with the gal? She'll give him trouble—see if she don't."

"I s'pose there's a good deal of ugliness in this work," ventured the old gunner. "It's my opinion 'at Dixon looks as much for revenge upon Reuben Arlington as he does for possession of the handsome darter."

"You're right, Grant—right as a signal-book,—but such kind of revenge may prove a kickin' gun. I tell ye, Kate Arlington isn't the gal to be easily handled. The master that steers her safely over the v'yage o' life must have her heart's love for his compass, with a pooty good steady hand upon the helm of his own love, at that."

"Hooray!" cried Gurney, in delight. "That's talk fit for a parson. Fill up, lads, and let's drink to them sentiments!"

They had just emptied their cups when Dunlap put his head in at the door, and gave them a word of caution.

"Has the capt'n come?" asked Rowland.

"Yes."

And in a few moments more Barker Dixon, whom these men recognized as their commander, entered the parlor, carefully closing the door after the host had departed, and slipping a bolt upon the inside. He was a man not more than thirty years of age; slightly below the medium height; but strongly and compactly built; with broad shoulders and muscular limbs; and with that air of conscious superiority which a man wears who is strong and wilful, and who is in the habit of being obeyed. His hair was jetty black, and very thick, and had a tendency to curl. His eyes, too, were black, and very bright; but their brightness was not pleasant to look upon. Shining out from beneath the dark overhanging brows, they were like the eyes of a panther gleaming from its lair. In feature, as in form, the man could not be called uncomely. The face was square, and set upon a jaw that was broad and solid. The lips were of fair masculine proportion, and could be compressed very tightly upon the white, pearly teeth. The man was ambitious, and he was vengeful; and in his life there was but little of moral sentiment at the helm. As he entered the room he threw from his shoulders a light cloak of blue cloth, revealing beneath a seaman's garb of fine quality—trowsers and roundabout jacket,—and the only official token of garb to be seen was a vest of fine buff cloth, with gold buttons. And this, to the sailor of the times, was token enough; for none save officers of rank wore a garment of that description.

The three men arose from the table as their commander entered, and saluted him respectfully. He cast a quick glance over the group, and then, with a nod,—

"Cool heads, my men. We've work before us."

"Never fear, Cap'n," said the gunner, whose age and experience gave him liberty. "Old Dunlap's rum isn't strong enough to climb. It'll never get into a man's head while he keeps his pins. Still, it's good. We've saved a cup for yourself. Try it."

Dixon stepped forward to the table, and drank a cup of the punch, and then, having lighted a pipe, he seated himself.

"Shipmates," said he, after he had smoked a while, "our work on shore may be done to-night."

"Then you mean to run off the gal?" said Gurney.

"I do," nodded Dixon.

"In course," pursued the old gunner, "it isn't for us to question; but you'll allow us to think."

"Aye," answered Dixon, good-humoredly, "and you may speak your thoughts, too."

"Then, Cap'n, what d'ye expect to gain by this bit of cuttin' out?"

"A fortune, Gurney."

"Eh?—A fortin?"

"Yes. You don't think I'm so soft as to lay in all this cargo of trouble just for a pretty face, do you?"

"Not 'xactly that, Cap'n; though I didn't know but the pooty face, alongside o' the vengeance on the father, might be inducement enough."

Dixon's black eyes gleamed, and his lips were tightly compressed, as he answered,—

"It would be inducement enough! Were there nothing else in sight, I'd bear down for those two objects. In the first place, I've loved the girl. When I sailed for her father, and the wind was fair, I believe she looked favorably upon me. At all events, she was willing enough to accept presents that I brought home with me from across the water. And when both she and her father turned me off, the steel entered my heart. I don't take to such treatment kindly; and I tell you plainly, that to possess that girl, and to put the steel into that man's heart, I'd do all I have proposed to do. But that isn't all. Kate Arlington owns a fortune in her own right. Old Nathan Dexter, her mother's brother, when he died, left to Kate Arlington full two hundred thousand dollars, and when she comes of age it will be hers beyond the power of her father to interfere,—and she'll be of age in less than six months."

"I have heard something of this," said Rowland, suggestively; "but I thought the property of Captain Nathan Dexter was left equally to Kate and her brother."

"So it was, Mark; and there was nigh onto half a million of it. Orville Arlington comes in for his share, and yet leaves the sum I have named for his sister. Don't you think the prize is worth the trouble it will take to get it?"

"That supposes, in course, that the gal marries you?" suggested Gurney.

Dixon nodded, and then reached over and dipped up another cup of the punch. He sipped the beverage slowly, nodding all the while, and when he had relinquished the empty ladle, he said,—

"Fortune favors the brave. If I an't wonderfully out in my reckoning we'll have two prizes instead of one, and both of 'em will be valuable.—And, more than that, I can use one to manage the other."

The men regarded their commander inquisitively. He relighted his pipe, and then continued,—

"You know we have wanted a surgeon—a first-class man in his profession—one who should be something more than a mere barber or dog-doctor—a man who might be fit to save life where there was a chance. Such a man I have in my eye. He is young, but he is skilful. He has saved life on shore, and he can do it on the sea."

At this point Dixon dipped his cup again into the bowl.

"And you'll impress a doctor?" said Gurney.

The captain nodded.

"Such things have been done," added the gunner, "and they must be done again."

There was a little punch remaining in the bowl, and Mark Rowland dipped his ladle until it was half filled; but he did not raise it at once to his lips. He looked at his commander, and said,—

"You have your eye on Doctor Tom Gaston?"

"Yes."

"D'ye think we can put our hands upon him?"

"He will be at Arlington's house to-night. The old man gives a party in honor of the return home of his son."

"An't ye bearin' down on rather a heavy convoy?" queried Gurney. "If it's to be a party of that sort, it'll be likely to be a big one."

Barker Dixon nodded and smiled.

"For which very reason," he said, "a pair of lovers will be likely to haul off by themselves. The evening promises to be a pleasant one, and be sure Arlington's garden will offer strong temptations to the cooing twain. Do you understand?"

The old gunner gazed for a while into the captain's face, and finally a gleam of intelligence shot athwart his corrugated visage.

"I see it now," he said. "You'll have 'em both under your thumb. By holdin' the gal ye can bring the doctor to serve us without treachery; and by holdin' the doctor ye can more easily bend the will of the gal."

"Your perception is clear, Grant."

"And here's to the success of the plan!" said Rowland, holding his cup aloft.

The others dipped their small silver ladles until nothing more was left in the bowl, and then the four drank together. The host was called in, and Dixon paid the reckoning from his own purse. By this time the shades of evening were gathering over the city, and when, one by one, the party left the house, they stepped forth into a welcome gloom.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOVERS, AND THE AMBUSH.

On Pearl street, not far from High, with its extensive grounds running back toward Fort Hill, was the mansion of Reuben Arlington. We remember it as we saw it thirty years ago, with the great trees intact, and its quaint gables half hidden by the dense foliage. It was an old structure then, though strong and grand—grand for the time,—and it would be grand even now, despite the towering walls of granite which have arisen on every hand, could it be put back there with its lordly surroundings of majestic elms and oaks and sycamores. But it has gone, and not even a green spot is left of all the carefully nurtured sward and park of the former time. Even Fort Hill itself—historic spot!—has fallen before the busy spade of the improver.

Reuben Arlington was a man of fifty—one of the solid men of Boston—a merchant and ship-owner, and a man of wealth. Of family he had a wife and two children. Other children had been born to him, but only these two had been spared to grow up. And these two—a son and daughter—were twins. There had been months, and years, wherein it had not been expected that these children could survive; but they had been cared for without regard to the cost of labor or money; the father had employed the best medical assistance to be found in the country, and the mother had nursed and prayed. The boy was named Orville, and the girl, Kate. At the age of sixteen the girl had grown strong and well, while the boy yet tottered with weakness. Two years more had passed when Thomas Gaston, who had been pursuing his medical studies in Europe, returned to his home in Boston, and in the course of his visits to the old friends of his father he found himself at the house of Mr. Arlington. He saw Orville, and was interested. He learned the course of treatment which was being pursued by the attending physician, and he shook his head.

Tom Gaston was young in years—at that time only three and twenty—but he was vastly older in experience than were the plodding old leeches whose steps had never carried them beyond the confines of their original fever-fold. And then Doctor Tom was old in another manner: Since his earliest childhood he had possessed common-sense. Books were not his compass and helm. They served him in the way of a chart; but he took his primal observations from nature, and worked out his reckoning agreeably to the necessities and possibilities of the case. Tom Gaston spent two days beneath Arlington's roof, and at the end of that time he said,—

"If Orville goes on thus, he will die. Give him to me, and I will save him."

And so Orville Arlington, at the age of eighteen, had been left in the professional care of Dr. Tom Gaston; and from that time he had improved. At the end of a year he had grown quite strong. And then, when he was nineteen, Dr. Tom had said that he must take a sea voyage. A trip to India and back would finish the cure. It had come now that Tom Gaston's word was law, and when he had said, "Let it be a sea voyage," a sea voyage it was. Orville went out in one of his father's ships; and at the time of the opening of our story he had just returned.

And on this June evening Reuben Arlington had summoned his friends to meet the boy who had been safely returned to him; and the friends came in large numbers; and the parlors and the hall were filled with genial, happy people.

And Kate Arlington assisted her mother in presiding upon the occasion. She was a lovely girl,—rather above the medium size,—that is, above the size of the average city maiden,—and as full of life and heart as she was fair and beautiful; and this is saying much; for of all who knew her not one had ever called her else than beautiful, and even envy itself had found no fault upon which to hang a derogatory reflection. Her features were not classic, but they were cast in that mould which, harmonizing with the inner being, is made lovely by the reflection of a loving and lovable spirit. Her skin was fair; her hair was of a rich, dark brown, and hung in clustering curls about her well-shaped head; while her soft hazel eyes, full of liquid light, rippled with every smile and laugh that awoke to brilliancy her superb and queenly face.

Her brother Orville was very much like her in form and feature, though of the two she appeared the more stately. The years of Orville's weakness had held back his muscular development, and though he had now regained his health, he was not, physically, what he might have been had some practitioner of Tom Gaston's sense and penetration found him in his earlier years. But he was now, at the age of twenty, a handsome, bright-eyed youth, fun-loving and sprightly, and possessing an intellect which gave promise of good things in the time to come. He loved his father and his mother; he loved his sweet sister Kate; and he loved, with grateful devotion, Dr. Tom Gaston, to whom he felt that he owed his life, together with all the blessings his life afforded.

And another of the family had come to love Dr. Tom. At first Kate Arlington had been shy of the man who had displaced the old physicians at her brother's bedside; but she had soon come to respect him; and when she had seen him laugh, and heard him talk upon other subjects than those of his profession, she came to love him. And she had loved not an unworthy man. At the age of five and twenty, as we now find him, Thomas Gaston was a man whom any true woman, looking for the strength and faith of trustworthy manhood, might have loved. He was of medium size; faultless in form and figure; full of muscular strength and vitality; polished in manner; and, above all, wearing that bold, manly front which can only come of high intellectual capacity. His hair was brown and soft, neither straight nor curling, but waving back from his full brow in those poetic lines which the pencil of the true artist so lovingly follows. His eyes were of a rich, warm gray, large and clear and full; and the lower features were strong and handsome. In short, he was every inch a man, and true at that. He could be stern when it was necessary, and he could laugh and romp with childish glee when opportunity offered. Kate loved him well and truly, and she had the ecstatic satisfaction of firmly believing that his true heart was all her own.

It was well into the evening, and a portion of the company was in the supper-room, from which Dr. Tom had just emerged, when the physician was approached by Orville and Kate with two friends in convoy. The quartette were laughing merrily, though the flushed face of Kate would imply that the other three had been making fun at her expense.

"Dr. Tom," cried one of the trio, "we will leave it to you. You shall decide for us. We have had a dispute, and the more we dispute the more we don't agree. Now what we want to know is this—"

At this point Kate threw up her hand and broke away, and as her three companions did not seem inclined to follow her, Dr. Tom did. He found her in a far corner of the rear parlor, upon a sofa, and he sat down beside her.

"What is it, Kate?"

"It is nothing, Tom. They have been hectoring me, as usual."

"About me, I suppose."

"Yes,—about you."

"Well, let's leave them to themselves. Let you and me walk out into the garden. It is a lovely evening, and the bright stars invite us."

The maiden did not, as was her wont, immediately reply.

"Do you object?" asked Tom, with a touch of disappointment in his tone.

"No, no,—not that," said Kate, looking up into his face, and taking his hand. "But—"

"But what?"

"I was thinking."

"You were thinking of leaving your guests. But you will not be missed for a little while. A turn in the pure fresh air will not harm us. Come."

"I will get my hat and mantle," said Kate, arising from the sofa, "and meet you in the lower hall." She hesitated a moment, as though she would have sat down again; but presently she turned and went away.

When Gaston saw this show of reluctance he blamed himself for having urged the movement. Kate's companions had already been teasing her on his account, and how much more would they tease her if they should discover her rambling away with him in the garden? With this more sober thought he would have given up the project, but Kate had gone, and he could not call her back. He would meet her in the hall, however, as she had appointed, and if she then had a wish in the matter, he would respect it.

Had some kind genius given to Tom Gaston, at that time, the power to look into the future—could he have seen how big with fate was the hour—could he have known what trial and pain and bitter anguish to himself was hinging upon present events, and how a darker and more rending ordeal was opening to one whom he loved—could the magic power have been his only for one brief moment, how different might have been the story of that night—how different the story of the coming time! But he could not see—he could not know. Had he caught Kate's wish a few moments before, and allowed it to govern him, the dark hand might have been lifted. But it was too late now!

When he reached the lower hall he found it deserted. A single lamp, upon a side bracket, was burning near the door, and he saw in the kitchen beyond the cooks and porters at work. Overhead he heard the tramp and the laugh of the guests, and he was debating with himself whether he had not better rejoin them, when a light footstep at his side, and a light hand upon his arm, decided the matter.

"Come, Thomas."

"You tremble, Kate. Let us not go if you would prefer to return."

"Not now," she said. "Since we have made the preparation, let us go. We will not stop long."

She had thrown on a silken mantle, and a light hat of straw, and was ready for the walk, and taking her lover's arm she led him toward the door, and out into the spacious garden. The evening was calm and serene, and the dewy atmosphere was laden with the aroma of a thousand blossoming sweets. A few fleecy clouds were wafting across the azure vault, but they did not obstruct the bright star beams, nor did they obscure the crescent moon that hung low in the west.

"Kate," said the young man, as they entered one of the narrow, rose-bordered walks, "I am almost sorry that I permitted you to come out. I am sure you would have preferred to remain with your guests."

"Tut, tut, Thomas," she cried, with a faint, fluttering laugh. "You are borrowing trouble where there is none. They were teasing me when you joined us. If you are pleased, I am. Let us walk on."

"No, no, Kate,—not if you feel that we had better return. You must not, in the present instance, consider my feelings;—or, if you do consider them, be sure they look only to your well-being and happiness. It was selfish in me to urge this thing."

"Since you acknowledge so much, Doctor Gaston, let me take my share. Know, then, that I was as ready to come as were you. But let us say no more about it. We have broken from the fold, and we may as well enjoy our liberty while it lasts. I cannot say that I particularly admire the crowded rooms, and the fumes of wine. The atmosphere of the garden is purer."

"And your company, sweet Kate, is dearer to me than the company of all the world besides. Can you say as much for me?"

"I can say, dear Tom, that on all the earth there lives not one who holds place deeper or firmer in my heart's best love and esteem than do you. Will not that suffice?"

"Yes, darling. And it sufficeth the more because I know from its notes that it comes from the fountain of truth.—Hark!"

"We are followed, Thomas!"

"Wait a moment."

They stood still, and bent their ears, listening attentively. The point which they had reached was at considerable distance from the house, and in a broad opening of velvety sward close upon the edge of a dense grove of native oaks—a grove which Mr. Arlington had kept trimmed out with exceeding care, and beneath the giant branches of which many rustic seats had been built. It was accounted by those who had knowledge and taste the prettiest grove within the limits of the city,—not so extensive as that on Pemberton's Hill, but far more like a miniature forest, and more deeply shaded.

The sound which our adventurers had heard had seemed at first to come from the grove, but as it was not immediately repeated they thought it might have come from that part of the garden they had traversed.

"If the busy-bodies have followed us," said Dr. Tom, "we might hide from them in the grove, or slip around by the northern wall, and get back without being discovered."

"Hark! It is not behind us. There is some one in the grove."

"Then others of the guests have come out before us. Let us go back."

They had turned, and were retracing their steps, when a quick, heavy tramp, as of many feet, close at hand, caused them to halt; and they looked around just in season to behold a number of dark forms rushing toward them. With the instinct of a brave spirit Gaston sprang before his companion, and as he did so two powerful men caught him by the arms.

"Who be you?" demanded one of them.

"I am Thomas Gaston," replied our hero, fully assured that no name on earth ought to awaken less of enmity in the bosom of his fellow-man.

"And this lady—"

"Is Miss Kate Arlington."

"A pooty pair, and well mated for a moonlight cruise. How was ye enj'yin' yerself, Doctor?"

Gaston's indignation at this impudent salute got the better, for a moment, of his judgment, and quickly slipping his right arm from the hold of the man who had grasped it, he struck furiously at the speaker; but his blow was short, and the intended victim was not hurt. Before he could recover himself, and before he had thought of calling for help, he was thrown violently upon his back, and while two men held his arms and covered his mouth, a third lashed and gagged him. The lashing was the binding of his arms behind him, and the gagging was accomplished by forcing a roll of canvas into the mouth, and securing the two ends behind the neck.

Meantime two other men had seized Kate, and their first object had been to prevent her from giving an alarm, to which end they had secured a stout bandage over her mouth, after which they had bound her arms as her companion's had been bound.

Tom Gaston saw the maiden held between her two captors, and again his passion overcame him. With a fierce bound he broke from the ruffians who held him, and reached the spot where she stood; but beyond this he was powerless. The cord upon his arms was strong and sure, and he could only groan in smothered agony as he found himself drawn rudely back by his captors.

"Come, my man," said one of the gang—a powerful, broad-shouldered fellow, with a rough voice,—"if you don't kick up a fuss and hurt yerself, we sha'n't do ye no hurt. Be easy, and we'll do well by ye."

Gaston looked up, and by the pale moonlight he could see that the man's face was dark, and that he was dressed in a seaman's garb. And so the others were dressed in the garb of the sea. What did it mean?

But he was given little time for consideration. As soon as their two prisoners had been secured, the party started off, leading the captives by the arms. Their way lay through the grove to the rear wall of the garden, at which point Gaston made another effort at freeing himself from his bonds.

"Look 'e," said the dark-faced man, in a tone which meant much, "if we can't quiet *you* any other way, a tap on the head will do it most sartinly! If ye want to try me, just give me the hint ag'in. As I told ye afore, we mean ye no harm. Will ye take that for an assurance, and come along, or will I sarve ye with a bit of ballast in the head, as I mentioned?"

Thomas Gaston saw how worse than useless further resistance would be, and with a nod he submitted. He suffered his head to droop, and the stifled groan that welled up from his bosom gave token of the anguish within.

CHAPTER III.

OUT AT SEA.

The ruffians had found their female prisoner by no means an easy capture. When they had stopped her mouth she had struggled spitefully, and not until she had seen her lover completely subdued did she wholly surrender. She had at once discovered what Gaston was to arrive at later. At the very outset she had recognized the swart features of Roger Wade, who had once been in her father's employ, and who had since been a boon companion with Barker Dixon.—So, the first flash of thought in her mind brought the impression that Barker Dixon was at the bottom of the business, and that she, rather than Dr. Gaston, had been the prime object. They had evidently taken Tom because they dared not leave him behind to give an alarm. The thought that Barker Dixon—that villain whom her father had discharged for good cause—should thus attempt a brutal and felonious abduction of herself seemed, for the time, to inspire her with heroic resolution of resistance; and twice did she almost break from her captors; but, as we have said, when she had seen Tom completely overcome, she gave up, and suffered the ruffians to lead her as they would.

"Now," said a gruff voice, when resistance on the part of the captives had ceased, "we'll haul our wind out o' this as soon as we can. Clap on all sail, and move!"

Tom looked up, and recognized Roger Wade. The beams of the sinking moon had struggled in through the dense foliage, and fallen upon his dark face. Roger met the quick glance of recognition, and with a nod he said,—

"Don't be alarmed, Doctor. Keep a steady track, and ye won't be harmed. It's no use for ye to fret. You're fairly captured, and we'll take ye to head-quarters afore we parley."

Gaston could not speak, for the gag effectually clogged his utterance, but he cast an appealing look toward his fair companion in bonds, and Wade understood him.

"Never fear for her," he said, with another nod. "If we don't mean harm to you, it isn't likely we should think of harm to her.—Steady, now!"

Whatever may have been the doctor's lack of faith in the ruffian's assurance of safety to himself and Kate, he had no power to offer opposition, either in word or deed, and, as the wisest course, he submitted.

Roger Wade led the way, his companions following with the captives. He passed through the grove, to the rear wall of the garden, which he scaled by means of heavy planks which had been thrown over. From here he passed over the brow of the hill across Oliver's street, and thence moved down by a narrow foot-path to the Battery Marsh, where, at one of the smaller landings used by the fishermen and lightermen, he found a boat in waiting. A peculiar whistle, twice repeated, brought an answer from the look-out, and presently a man came up from the boat.

"Roger?"

"All right!" answered Wade. "Be ready to cast off. How's the wind?"

"It's fair."

"Then step the mast. We won't waste time."

The boat, as our hero could see by the faint starlight, was not an ordinary shore boat, but a sharp-built cutter, neat and trim, and there were two men in charge of it. Kate Arlington was lifted first on board, and conveyed to the stern-sheets, and seated near the helm, at which sat a man whose pea-coat was buttoned up to his chin, and the rim of his hat pulled down over his eyes. Gaston was next led on board, and seated in the bows. Then the mast was stepped, and the boat shoved off; and when the sail had been spread, and the sheet secured, they moved away with gathering speed. The wind was from the north-west, blowing fresh and cool, and as soon as the boat had crawled out from under the break of the land she leaped away rapidly. The moon had gone down, and Gaston could not see the faces of his companions, but he could see that the boat was heading down the harbor. What could it mean? He thought of the islands in the bay, and of towns upon the coast outside; and he thought also of the broad ocean, and of a ship sailing thereon. But for what could he be taken to sea? It was a hopeless puzzle, and he gave it up. He would know the end when it came. He could see Kate in her seat at the other end of the boat, and he could see that one of the men had thrown a pea-coat over her shoulders. It was in Kate that he found his source of agony. Of himself he did not think. The presence of Roger Wade implied the presence of Barker Dixon; and he believed it was Dixon himself at the helm. He knew that Dixon had once been a suitor for Kate's hand—that he had been persistent in his suit even to impudence—and that partly on account of his conduct in that respect Reuben Arlington had discharged him from his employ. But this had not been the sole cause. Dixon had been a good sailor—no man could care for a ship better, or make quicker time in a voyage,—but there had been serious question touching his honesty. Not only had he been found trading on his own account when he had no right, but he had been detected in manipulations of a questionable character upon property not covered by any trade or bargain of his own. In short, Gaston knew that Arlington had turned him from his house and from his employ as utterly unworthy of trust or confidence.

And what was Barker Dixon doing now? It was at this point that Gaston found his heart in his mouth. He had heard dark stories of the discharged sailor, and they recurred to him now with painful force. Merciful Heaven! If those stories should be true—if Dixon were the man he had been painted—what might be the fate of the gentle maiden now in his power? The thought staggered him as with a heavy blow, and he groaned aloud.

The man who sat nearest to him heard his groan, and spoke:

"Does the gag hurt ye much, Doctor?"

It was the voice of Roger Wade, and the captive's mind was called to his own suffering. The gag did hurt him. It was not only half suffocating him, but his jaws were in exquisite pain. He groaned and nodded an eager affirmative to the question.

Wade went over and spoke to one of his companions, and when he came back he sat down facing the captive.

"Look 'e, Doctor Gaston," he said, in measured tones, "we don't want to put ye to onnecessary trouble. If I'll take that gag out o' yer mouth, will ye give me yer word not to take advantage of it while we're in the boat? You can answer just as ye please. If ye say Yes, out it comes. I'll take yer word,—but, mind ye,—should ye break yer word, 'twould be an expensive call for ye."

Tom Gaston was not a man who required a long time for thought where the matter was so apparent as in the present instance. With all his strength of will and indignation he was not blind enough to kick against the sharp, cutting edge of unavoidable circumstance. He made a sign that the gag should be removed, and he bent his head forward for that purpose. Wade was as good as his word, and in a very few moments the painful wad was removed, and the captive sat up and breathed more freely. There was a dull ache in his jaws, and for a time it hurt him to close them; but ere long the muscles resumed their normal tension, and the relief was great—so great, that for a brief space the sufferer felt something like gratitude for a blessing received.

At length, as the dark-faced man continued to sit near him, he ventured upon a question.

"Hold on!" interrupted Wade, lifting his hand. "None o' that. I've got nothin' to do or to say."

"But," urged Gaston, in a low tone, "you can tell me whither I am bound."

"I can tell ye just nothin' at all."

"Not whether I am to be taken to sea, or set on shore outside the harbor?"

"Doctor Gaston, you'll find, by'm by, 'at nothin' *means* nothin'; and when I say it, that's the end of it. Look sharp, and ye'll see for yerself. We've told ye that we don't mean ye any harm. Let that be enough for now."

With this Roger Wade turned his face the other way, and Gaston relinquished the attempt.

Meantime Kate Arlington had remained perfectly silent in her seat by the side of the helmsman. She had apparently recognized Barker Dixon, but had given no sign. The coat had been thrown over her shoulders without speech, and a man who sat near her, in answer to a motion from the helmsman, had removed the thick bandage from her mouth, remarking, as he did so,—

"If we are kind enough to do this, you'll be wise enough not to force it back again."

Kate nodded, and presently said,—

"You would add to your kindness by taking the cord from my arms."

The man at the helm gave an affirmative sign to the inquiring look of the other, and the bond was removed.

After this Kate spoke not a word. She seemed to shrink from asking questions, and was suffered to remain silent. If she was deeply terrified she did not show it. She rather appeared to have considered the situation, and to have resolved that she would hold her own while she had strength. And it may be that she had planned to gain by apparent submission what she could never have hoped to gain by rebellion—kind and considerate treatment at the hands of her captor. At all events, she gave token of great strength of purpose, and a close student of human nature might have judged from the manifestation that such a spirit was not easily to be conquered.

When Gaston had recovered the use of his jaws, and the pain had left them, he begun to realize more pointedly that the bond upon his arms was pressing sharply into his flesh, and he ventured to ask if the cord could not be removed.

"I don't know about that," replied his shadow. "You've showed us that your arms are strong when they're free."

The relief afforded in the removal of the gag had served to subdue the prisoner's passion, and in a frank and manly way he said,—

"The very fact that I ask the favor should be a guarantee that I will not abuse it."

Roger Wade was reader enough of character to understand this, and without further hesitation he got up and cast the lashing from the doctor's arms.

Gaston was now comparatively comfortable, and as questioning of his guard would answer nothing, and as he saw that Kate was quiet, he turned his attention to the direction the boat was taking. They were following the main channel, and he could tell by the battlements which arose against the clear sky upon the right that they were passing Castle Island. Beyond this, as he could tell by the stars, they pursued a course very near east until they had passed Long Island. Other islands were passed, and at length came a change in the feeling of the atmosphere, and in the swell of the sea, as they opened out beyond the headland into the expanse of the broad ocean.

Where were they bound? Gaston asked himself the question many times; and a degree of interest entered into the composition of his thoughts which for the season relieved his pain of anxiety. Before him was the boundless depth of waters, and the boat was plunging on as though bound upon an Atlantic voyage. At length he saw a light upon the sea. At first he had taken it for a star; but when he saw that it rose and fell with the heaving of the billows he knew that it must be the light of a vessel. A nearer view revealed a double light—a white light and a red light—the white uppermost,—and the boat was plowing its way toward these lights. Ere long the spars of a brig were revealed against the sky, with the maintop-sail laid aback, and presently came the hail from her deck,—

"Boat ahoy!"

"Aye, aye!" answered Wade, standing upon a thwart, and supporting himself by the mast.

"What boat is that?"

"The Brown Bear!"

"All right!"

The cutter was neatly brought up under the brig's weather quarter, and as her sail was brailed up her bows touched the vessel's side almost without a jostle.

"Are you sailor enough to climb?" asked Wade, of the doctor, as a man from the deck held a lantern over the gangway.

Gaston saw the man-ropes hanging ready for his hand, and his only reply was to seize them and mount the ladder, and in a few moments he stood upon the brig's deck, where he saw a full score of stout men gathered in the broken gloom.

Wade, who had followed the doctor, as soon as he reached the deck, took the running end of a clewline and sent it down into the boat, and a man went down with a lantern.

"You will pardon us, Miss Arlington," said Dixon—for his face was now plainly revealed,—"had the thing been possible we would have had a more fitting means of ascent rigged for your reception; but if you will allow me to slip this line under your arms, we will help you up very comfortably."

Kate's first instinct seemed to be, to reject the proffered assistance, and clinch the ladder as others did; but she finally suffered the line to be knotted under her arms, and so, steadying herself by the man-ropes and the ladder, she was hoisted over the side without trouble or accident.

This done, the boat was dropped astern and hooked to the davit falls, and very soon hoisted clear from the water. Then the order was given to fill away, and drop the courses, and Gaston saw that the vessel's head was pointing seaward. He stood by the weather gangway, and looked up and down the deck to see if he could make out the brig's character by anything that might thus meet his eye; but he saw nothing which he might not have seen upon the deck of any honest trader, save that the running rigging was coiled away with extreme nicety, and the belaying-pins in the fife-rail were of brass, and highly polished. As he thus stood, looking forward at the time, he felt a touch upon his shoulder, and upon glancing up he saw the swarthy face of Roger Wade.

"You know me, Doctor?" said the man, with a smile.

"Yes,—I know you," returned Gaston.

"Then there's no need of my introducin' myself; and I have only to say, just now, that your hammock is ready; or, if you'd rather have it, I can give ye a cot,—a swingin' one, of course."

"Before I decide upon what manner of accommodations I shall have, I would like to ask how long I am likely to remain on board this vessel," said the doctor, facing about and speaking squarely and frankly.

"That's more than I can tell ye," replied Wade. "I'm only bo's'n of this craft. I can furnish ye with canvas and clews, as we don't rate a sail-maker; but if ye want information ye must apply to the capt'n. You'll see him in the mornin'."

"Is Barker Dixon your captain?"

"Yes."

"And he is now in the cabin?"

"Yes."

"With Miss Arlington?"

"I don't know whether the lady is in the cabin, or in her own state-room. Of course her state-room is a part of the cabin, but it's been snugly partitioned, and she's as much by herself in her own quarters as she could be in her father's house."

Gaston was strangely agitated. Had he followed the dictates of his aroused spirit he would have made his way to the cabin; or, at least, he would have tried,—and he would have faced the lion in his den; but reason told him that the thing might not be done. Great as was his agony—deep and poignant as was the pain at his heart—he could not raise his hand to help the sweet being he so fondly and so wildly loved,—aye, wildly loved her now that the black gulf yawned so near!

The boatswain readily divined the thoughts that convulsed the captive's stout frame, and in a kindly tone he said,—

"On my word, Doctor, no harm can come to Miss Kate at present; and I tell you plainly that the best service you can do her to-night is to keep yourself quiet. In the mornin' Capt'n Dixon will see you. Come,—you'd better turn in now."

"Where am I to sleep?"

"In the steerage, with the warrant officers. I've slung a hammock for ye."

Gaston knew that it must be long past midnight, and after a little hesitation, feeling assured that he should gain no further information from the boatswain, he suffered himself to be conducted down into the steerage. It was a small apartment, between the mainmast and the cabin, but was well ventilated, and the hammock which he found suspended for him was well balanced, and contained a good mattress. He had slept in such a bed before—had used it often at sea—so that he found no trouble in getting into it, and no trouble in retaining his berth after he was in. But he was not easily to find sleep.

As he came down the hatchway he had observed that the berth deck forward of the steerage bulkhead was white with hammocks, indicating a numerous crew. And wherefore such a crew on board such a vessel?

But thoughts of crew and vessel were speedily displaced by thoughts of the loved one. Where was she, and what was to be her fate at the hands of the bold bad man who had so recklessly abducted her from her home? And the cry went out from his heart, wrung with a great agony,—"O! God have mercy!" And he asked himself a hundred times—asked till his bosom seemed ready to burst from frenzied anxiety in the lack of an answer,—

"Where—O! where, is Kate?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAPT. BURTON AND THE SAVAGE.

During one of Capt. Burton's voyages in the *Essex* he was becalmed off an island of the Society group, in the South Pacific, and one day a valuable case of surgical instruments was stolen from his cabin. A number of the savages, with the chief of the island at their head, had been on board, and he knew that the thief was of their number. On the following day he pulled on shore, with the best part of his crew, and found the chief, in company with several of his principal warriors, sitting before his hut. Burton made known his errand through his interpreter, whereupon the sable monarch expressed unbounded surprise. Not only was he sure that none of his people had stolen the articles, but he could assure his "milk-skinned brother" that his people would not steal under any circumstances.

The Captain assumed a confident attitude, and begged to inform his swart majesty that he—Burton—*knew* where the missing property was. He had the power to discover such things. It might save the chief a vast deal of trouble if he would at once produce the lost property.

Upon this the chieftain declared that he could have nothing more to say upon the subject; and to give seeming weight to his assertion he drew forth his pipe, and having filled it with tobacco, he commenced to strike fire upon a piece of punk-wood with a flint and steel. Capt. Burton told the interpreter to bid him stop.

"Tell him," said he, "that I will bring down fire from heaven into his pipe."

The chief received the announcement with a look of incredulity, but, nevertheless, dropped his flint and steel, and suffered the Captain to proceed. Burton drew from his pocket a small sun-glass, or magnifying lens, and concealing it in his hand, he bade the chief to smoke away, and at the same time he turned the bowl of the pipe toward the sun, and brought the focal point of the rays upon the tobacco. The fire took, and the smoke came forth. The dusky chieftain puffed out a fragrant cloud, then looked at the bowl of his pipe, and then knelt in awe before the pale-faced Captain. He would not tempt the wonderful power of the great medicine-man further.

Burton obtained his case of instruments from the chief's own hands. C.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Hit at English Yachtmen.—The *Nautical Gazette* says, "An alarming sickness has broken out among the yachtmen of England. Symptoms—an entire loss of pluck, a desire to keep still, and an utter aversion to cross the Channel. All the invalids have a peculiarly downcast look. The disease, it is charged, has been imported by an American in a fast schooner. The illness is known as the 'Channel fever.'"

An Ethiopian Dialogue.—"I say, Jake, as I was goin' down de street de oder day I seed a tree bark." "Well, Sam., I seed dat same tree hollow." "Did you? Well, I seed it leave." "You don't say so! Did it take its trunk wid it?" "No, sah; it lef' dat for board." "So—den it's goin' to come down wid de (saw) dust."

In the Central District Court at Worcester, the other day, a man named Paradise failed to respond as a witness, and was defaulted, the Court remarking in a low voice, "That's Paradise lost," to which the Clerk answered, as he filled out a *capias*, "Yes, but he'll be Paradise regained before night."

"I came for the saw, sir." "What saucer?" "Why, the saw, sir, that you borrowed." "I borrowed no saucer." "Sure you did, sir; you borrowed a saw, sir." "I never saw your saucer." "But you did; there's the saw now, sir." "Oh, you want the saw. Why didn't you say so?"

A young lady at Council Bluffs being informed by her "feller" that he intended to cease his attentions, cowhided him around the room, and as he was leaving, told him that that would teach him to be more careful for the future not to trifle with a gentle and loving heart.

"That man," said a wag, "came to this city forty years ago, purchased a *basket*, and commenced gathering rags. How much do you suppose he is worth now?" We gave it up. "Nothing," he continued, after a pause, "and he owes for the basket."

A judge, in remanding a criminal, called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied, "Sir, I am not as big a scoundrel as your Honor"—here the culprit stopped, but finally added—"takes me to be." "Put your words closer together," said the judge.

A Bostonian went up to one of the French band and asked, "*Parlez vous Anglais?*" (Do you speak English?) "Yer sowl to the Old One, and why shouldn't I?" retorted the aforesaid member of the French band.

PARADOXICAL, BUT TRUE.

A carpenter's duty is plane,
A cobbler for food sells his sole;
The barber who ne'er crossed the main
Still passes from poll to poll.

A little girl went into a drug store the other day, and said to the proprietor in a half whisper, "If a good little girl ha'n't got no money, how much chewing gum do you give her for nothing?"

"What are you doing there, you rascal?" "Merely *taking cold*, sir." "It looks to me as if you were stealing ice." "Well—yes—perhaps it will bear that construction."

An exuberant youth of Pittsfield said to a supposed friend, "Hello, Joe! Oh, excuse me; I thought you were another man!" *Laconic Stranger*—"I am."

Base-ball is of much greater antiquity than is supposed. It was played in the Ark when the dove was "put out on a fly."

A Paris shopkeeper said to an American, "Your countrymen are regarded by us simply as money bags to be plundered."

One word of advice to anybody who is intending to do anything wrong—Don't.

A wooden-ware dealer advertises "*quart* bowls, of all sizes, for sale cheap."

The best style of writing is righting wrong.

Just two words to the wise—Remain so.

Too late for the fair—An old bachelor.

Long division—Separation for life.

CURRENT ITEMS.

It is proposed in Chicago to use iron plates thickly covered with enamel, for street signs. The names of the streets are in enamelled letters, of a color differing from the plate, as white letters on a black background, the signs to be attached to the corner house of every street and intersection. The advantage claimed for these signs is, that neither dust nor moisture can obscure the names, and the plates are almost indestructible. They are extensively used in European cities, and would be a great convenience in the city of New York.

In the Massachusetts Supreme Court, recently, an appeal was heard in a suit brought by a lady against a horse-car company, to recover damages for an injury received while riding in the defendants' cars. The company pleaded that the plaintiff was travelling on Sunday, which is illegal according to the State law, and they were, therefore, not liable for damage. The court held, however, that the plaintiff, who was returning from a Spiritualist meeting, was engaged in a legitimate purpose, and decided in her favor.

A flour mill is reported to have exploded at Glascow, Scotland, recently. The cause of the explosion is stated to have been, that two of the revolving mill-stones, on account of the accidental stoppage of the supply of grain, rubbed against each other, and threw out sparks. These sparks ignited the fine particles of dust diffused through the air in the exhaust conduits, the rapid combustion of which caused a high temperature and expansion, which resulted in an explosion.

Thousands of bushels of apples will be left to rot on the ground in the orchards of western Massachusetts, this autumn. In some towns the farmers are offering cider at one dollar and fifty cents per barrel, and it is difficult to find purchasers sufficient to exhaust half the apples at any price.

Tennessee papers complain that the State is losing millions of dollars yearly for want of a dog law. With her mountain ranges and hills admirably adapted to wool-growing, she yet has not sheep enough to supply her own demand for mutton and wool.

In Johnson Township, Scott county, Ind., recently, a boy only eight years old became enraged with a little girl, somewhat younger than himself, and taking up a shot-gun, fired at the girl, inflicting wounds from which she died in a few hours.

Years ago it was the custom for all vessels passing Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, to toll their bells in honor of the sacred memories of the place. During the war the practice was discontinued, and it has not since been revived.

A new kind of rice, with large grains—"as large as a melon seed, and not unlike that in its creamy white color"—is being used in Boston, says a journal of that city. It is imported from the East Indies.

It is reported that an Englishman has invented an ocean-steamer saloon in which a passenger will not feel the motion of the vessel, and will therefore escape seasickness. A great thing, if true.

One of the amusements of an Illinois picnic was to place a silver dollar in a plate, covering it with molasses to the depth of an inch, and then let the boys try and take out the dollar with their teeth.

The Mayor of Cincinnati has prohibited the landing of Texas cattle in that city either from cars or steamboats, on account of the diseases which they spread among the native stock.

A man was killed by an engine while crossing the railroad track at Worcester, a few evenings ago. He had refused to take warning by the flagman's danger signal.

A political discussion, in a restaurant in Columbia, S. C., between noted politicians, led to a fight, in which a prominent citizen was shot and instantly killed.

A Vigilance Committee in Dakota lynched two horse-thieves last week, and tied heavy stones to their feet so as to expedite the strangulation.

A Tennessee dog saved the life of his drunken master by dragging him off a railroad track upon which he had lain down to sleep.

Five married ladies, living in Gardner,—so says the *News* of that place—eloped from their homes within the last few weeks.

They had a premature explosion in the Hoosic tunnel last week, by which one man was killed and several others badly injured.

A thunder-storm recently occurred at Rochdale, England, in which several persons were killed by lightning.

Forty Chinese boys left San Francisco a few days ago for New England, where they are going to school.

A warm controversy has lately arisen in England on the subject of clergymen wearing beards.

THE BLEST OLD MAN OF EIGHTY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Earth has many precious pictures,
Rainbows mid the storms of life,
Giving our existence beauty,
And with even glory rife:
One there is where both are mingled,
Never dimmed by cloud or tears,
And it has grown but more precious
With the touches of the years—
A dear old man of eighty.

On his head a few hairs linger,
And some wrinkles mark his face,
But they seem to give it only
An expressive, sacred grace;
While his frame, though no more stalwart,
Yet has vigor that can still
Offer power for the spirit
To enforce its waiting will—
A hale old man of eighty.

Oh, he seems, and is, so happy!
Well he may, for on this sod
He has used and not abused gifts
From the loving Father God.
Faults he had—ah, who is perfect?—
But he fought to keep them down:
Trying so to do his duties,
He has won and wears a crown—
A grand old man of eighty.

Often men are circled round him,
His experience to win;
And it flows like earnest music
From the calm, true soul within.
All the children are delighted
On his willing kness to press:
Oh, how sure the Agèd's goodness
When they give them tenderness!—
A good old man of eighty.

There, or rich or want unfearing,
There he is a picture blest,
Loving and beloved, in sunset
Sinking to the earthly rest.
Some of his own children linger,
Some have gone away before,
And with his dear wife they wait him
On the Everlasting Shore.
Often are his eyes bent upward,
While his thin lips softly cry,
"God He knows that I am ready;
May I soon step to their sky!"—
The blest old man of eighty.

A BONE of CONTENTION;

—OR—

The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF KILDARE," "THE OLD LIFE'S SHADOWS," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

[We here give a synopsis of that portion of this story which has been already published, so that *new* readers can begin with this installment of it and go on just as though they had read it all from the beginning. The heroine is Honor Glint, who is the true but unknown heiress of Lord Waldemar. Honor is beloved by Sir Hugh Tregaron, a noble Welsh Baronet; but in a moment of despair, before she knew that Sir Hugh loved her, she had married Darrel Moer, a nephew of Lord Waldemar, but discovering his evil nature, she had fled from him on the very morning of the marriage. That same day Darrel Moer learned that Lord Waldemar's granddaughter, named Hilda Floyd, the only child of his lordship's banished and long dead son, and of whose existence Moer had been entirely ignorant, had been found and brought home by Lord Waldemar's business manager, named Grimrod, and been acknowledged by his lordship as his grandchild and heir. Moer at once resolved to marry his cousin Hilda, and so secure the fortune which her sudden appearance on the scene threatened to prevent him from inheriting. Grimrod, who had a strange power over Hilda and her companion, Mrs. Watchley, favored this marriage, and in fact compelled Hilda to accept Moer as her betrothed lover by an intimation that she was not Lord Waldemar's true grandchild and heir, and that her only chance of securing her position and fortune was to marry her cousin Darrel. In order to prevent Honor from exposing his intended bigamy, Moer had his valet, a scoundrel named Bing, delude her by a forged telegram into a visit to her supposed step-mother at Bolton, where Bing kidnapped Honor from her travelling companion, Mrs. Early, and with his daughter, Gusty Bing, carried her off, disguised as a gipsy, in a gipsy wagon which he had provided for that purpose. The result of this movement is unfolded in the next chapter.]

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE JOURNEY'S END.

At daybreak upon the morning subsequent to Honor's disappearance from Bolton, the gipsy wagon in which she was now hidden away under a disguise which was likely to defy penetration, came to a halt in a lonely country lane in Derbyshire, some forty miles distant from Bolton-le-Moors.

The spot was one that had served a hundred times as the scene of a gipsy encampment. It was strangely secluded, shut in between tall hedges, with no chimneys anywhere within view. A stream of water, a mere brook, crossed the highway, and was spanned by a rustic bridge.

Bing unharnessed his horses, and tethered them within range of the brook. The wagon was drawn close up under the hedge. Bing, looking every inch a gipsy in his disguise, gathered sticks of dry wood, fallen twigs and branches from trees at a little distance overhanging the road, and laid them for a fire. Then he called his daughter.

The rear door of the wagon opened, and Gusty Bing came forth in all the bravery of her gipsy attire.

"Is Miss Glint awake?" asked the valet, in a low voice.

"She hasn't slept a wink the whole night," replied the girl, in a tone of personal injury.

"So!" said Bing, in surprise. "She takes it harder than I expected. But she'll keep her word, Gusty, you may be sure of that. If you and I were to leave her here all alone, she wouldn't run away after she promised that she wouldn't. She's one of that sappy sort that pride themselves on their honor, and won't tell a lie even when it's for their own interest to do so. Let her come out, Gusty, if she wants to. The fresh air'll be good for her. And, Gusty, let's get breakfast."

The girl climbed back into the wagon, and invited Honor to come out into the fresh air.

The young prisoner descended from the wagon to the ground.

The day was mild for March, with an April sky overhead, and an April turf under foot. The sun was shining. A few birds were singing in the fields near by. Honor walked up and down the strip of turf bordering the grass-grown lane, very silent and very thoughtful.

Gusty Bing produced from one of the several lockers with which the wagon was provided a tea-kettle. She filled this with water from the brook, while her father lighted the fire. He then hung the tea-kettle upon a cross piece of wood upon two crotched sticks, over the fire.

Gusty brought some potatoes from one of the lockers also, and as soon as there were hot ashes she buried the potatoes in them, leaving them to roast. She next dragged forth from its concealment a good-sized hamper, neatly packed with bread, cold roasted fowls, boiled tongue, ham pie, pickles, cheese, a can of condensed milk, a parcel of sugar, and other edibles. This was deposited upon the lowest step at the rear of the wagon. Gusty then made coffee in the tea-kettle, and breakfast was soon ready.

Bing approached his involuntary guest politely, and offering her a camp stool. Honor placed it in the shadow of the hedge, and sat upon it. The valet then brought to her a clean table napkin and a plate, serving her with respectful courtesy.

"You must eat, Miss, if you don't want to get ill," he said. "Those eyes of yours look downright wild. No one will harm you. You've only to fancy yourself at a picnic to enjoy this out-door life. The roads are good, the weather fine, and you can walk about as much as you like. Take my advice. Don't mourn over what can't be helped."

Honor did not answer, but she drank a cup of coffee and ate a portion of the food which Gusty brought to her. Her jailers waited until she had finished eating, and then ate their breakfasts with appetite.

After the repast, Gusty repacked the hamper, and Bing fed grain to the horses, which were cropping the close brown roadside grass. The valet then crept under the wagon, rolled himself in a blanket, and went to sleep. It was high noon when he awoke. Gusty had dinner ready, and Honor was slowly walking up and down the road. Bing crept out from his resting-place with an anxious look in every direction.

"Anybody been along the lane this morning, Gusty?" he asked.

"Not a soul. The lane don't see much travel, I take it," responded the girl. "There must be some better road, or short cut, that keeps the travel off it."

"So much the better for us," muttered Bing. "What has the young lady been doing all the morning?"

"Walking and thinking," answered Gusty. "She don't say much."

Bing again waited upon Honor with the attention of a devoted servant. After she had eaten, he took his own dinner in company with Gusty. Afterward he fed his horses an extra allowance of oats, and resumed his sleep under the wagon.

It was nearly night when he again awoke. No one had passed through the lane that afternoon. Gusty had kindled a fire, and the red flames were flaring in the rising wind.

"We shall have a cold night," said Gusty, with a glance at the gray sky.

"Yes, but we sha'n't feel it, being as we are to be on the move," replied Bing. "I'd like to have a London newspaper. I wonder if the young lady's disappearance has made much stir. Sir Hugh Tregaron must have stirred up the police pretty lively, but I haven't left much trace for them to follow up. I defy them to pursue me, after all the precautions I have taken."

Supper was prepared and eaten. Then as dusk began to fall Gusty restored the hamper and kettle and camp stool to the wagon lockers, and scattered the ashes of the dying fire. Bing had fed his horses upon awakening from his slumbers, and now harnessed them and attached them to the wagon.

"We're off again, Miss," said Gusty, approaching Honor. "You'll have to get back into the wagon."

Honor complied, settling herself wearily again upon one of the divans. The rear door was locked, the steps put up, and Bing, having carefully reviewed their camping ground, to make sure that no vestige of their presence there remained, mounted his box, and resumed his course.

Upon this night "tired nature's sweet restorer" touched Honor's weary eyelids with soothing fingers. The young girl slept profoundly all night long, untroubled by joltings, and her profound slumbers were dreamless.

When she awakened in the morning, it was after daylight, and the wagon had come to a halt. Gusty had withdrawn from the wagon, and the odor of breakfast came to Honor's nostrils. She arose, brushed out her dyed hair, and let it fall about her shoulders in an unconfined mass, the very touch of the darkened filaments being repugnant to her. Then she opened one of the windows and looked out.

The wagon had halted in the midst of a broad and breezy common. The spot was as lonely as that which had been chosen for the previous day's encampment. Bing had studied his course thoroughly, and had selected out-of-the-way camping grounds, where he could easily pass a whole day without being noticed. The horses had been fed and watered, and were now lying down in the gorse.

Honor picked up her hat, around which Gusty had tied a bright red ribbon, and emerged from the wagon. Breakfast was ready, and the captive was first served with respectful attention, Bing and his daughter eating when she had finished.

"This is not Lancashire," said Honor, strolling about for exercise. "Where are we?"

"We travelled over forty-five miles last night," declared Gusty, "and this is Leicestershire."

"How much longer is our journeying to continue?" asked Honor, finding the girl unusually communicative.

"We shall reach our destination to-morrow morning, if all goes well," said Gusty. "There, I can't tell you more."

She turned away, leaving Honor to her own reflections.

This second day was nearly a repetition of the previous one. Dinner was eaten at noon, supper a little before dusk. Bing slept all the forenoon, and again all the afternoon. The horses were fed a heavy allowance of grain at regular intervals, regularly watered, and after supper Bing groomed them carefully, and again harnessed them to the wagon.

"Good grooming goes as far with horses as corn," he remarked, as his beasts pawed the ground in their impatience to be off. "Get your hamper into the wagon, Gusty. Pick up every scrap of food, every bit of paper. You must be as sharp as if you expected people along here within an hour to search for us."

Gusty obeyed. When the twilight began to deepen into the starless night, Honor re-entered the wagon, everything was made snug, and Bing mounted his box, driving away at a smart pace.

The night proved to be like the two preceding nights, dark and gloomy. The rain fell heavily upon the wagon roof. Bing, in a cabman's Mackintosh, and sheltered by the projecting hood of the wagon, was quite comfortable. His powerful horses drew the wagon as if it had been a light spring cart. The weather being so bad, no one was encountered upon the roads. After ten o'clock the lights died out of the occasional road-side farm-houses, and the gipsy wagon plodded on through the heavy rain unseen and unheard.

Bing urged his horses upon this night to greater exertion than he had before required of them. He regarded them as "seasoned" by their two previous nights' toil, and was determined to exact from them upon this night a march of fifty miles between the hours of seven in the evening and four in the morning.

"That will bring us to our destination about daylight," he thought, "or a little earlier. No one will see us drive up to the Cypresses. And that will be very good time too, considering the driving rain. There never was a journey more secretly or more expeditiously performed than this will have been, if we arrive safely in the morning. My sister must have the house in prime order for us. Clever dodge that, of actually renting the house from Mr. Moer, and having a paper to show for it. The farmer supposes Judith to be a *bona fide* tenant."

Honor slept well upon this night also, lulled by the beating of the rain upon the wagon roof.

It was morning when she awakened, a dark and rainy morning, before the day-dawn. The wagon was being driven into a high-walled stable yard, where it came to a halt. Bing climbed down from his box and unharnessed the horses, driving them into a stable. The sound of clanging hoofs upon a stable floor aroused Gusty, and she started up, exclaiming:

"We must have got to our journey's end."

She pulled up the window shade, drew back the curtain, and pushed up the window, peering out into the gloom.

"It's as dark as a pocket," she announced, "and it's raining cats and dogs. There's no one in the yard but dad. I suppose we are to remain in the wagon till daylight."

This supposition proved erroneous. Bing cared for his horses, and then tramped across the stable yard, disappearing from view. He presently returned with a lighted lantern, an umbrella, a long water-proof cloak, and a pair of galoshes. Gusty opened the rear door of the wagon, and he passed in the cloak and overshoes.

"Tell the young lady to put these on, Gusty," he said. "We are going into the house."

Honor enveloped herself in the protecting garments, and descended from the wagon. Bing drew her arm in his, holding the umbrella over her, and carrying the lantern. He led her across the stable yard, out at a small gate, into a house yard, Gusty following. The house yard and kitchen-garden, as the plot of ground appeared to be, were both inclosed by a stone-wall. Crossing the yard, Bing conducted his young captive up a flight of stone steps, through an open door, into a wide old hall which was flagged with stone.

A lamp burned drearily here upon a wooden shelf, the light sufficient to reveal the bareness and dreariness of the place. A woman came from somewhere amid the further shadows, a tall, gaunt personage, hoopless, with clinging garments and slipshod feet, her swarthy face lit by a pair of gleaming eyes, an immense pair of gold hoops in her ears, and a cushion of black hair surmounting her head.

"It's I, Judith!" said Bing, laying down his umbrella and releasing the girl, while Gusty secured the door.

"I supposed it was," said the amiable Miss Bing, in a snapping voice. "As it hasn't been but two minutes since you came in for an umbrella, I did not take you to be the Prime Minister come on a visit to me."

"Where is the young lady's room?" inquired Gusty.

"This way," replied Miss Bing, snatching up the lantern. "Bring her along."

She flitted along the hall, her footsteps echoing, and began to mount a flight of stone stairs. Honor was forced to follow her, Bing seizing the arm of the captive, and Gusty coming on behind her.

They proceeded to an upper room, with a small window set with tiny diamond panes, in heavy leaden mullions. This window was so secured with iron spikes that it could not be opened except with proper tools, and an expenditure of considerable strength.

"This is your room, Miss," said Miss Bing. "My room is next, and I'm a light sleeper always. You won't be able to escape, and I advise you to make yourself comfortable."

Honor looked about her keenly.

The room was decently furnished, a carpet covering the floor, a lounge being against the wall, and a tall, handsomely carved high-post bedstead occupying one corner. There was an easy-chair or two, a gay hearth rug, and, best of all, upon that cheerless morning, there was a bright coal fire in the grate.

"Where am I?" asked Honor, with brave calmness, and with a trifle of imperiousness in her fresh young voice. "What house is this? In what county is it?"

"I don't know as there's any objection to telling you," said Bing. "You're in Huntingdonshire, Miss, at a country place among the fens known as the Cypresses."

"Who owns the place?"

"Your husband, Madam," said Bing, with an evil smile. "You have come home as a bride should to your husband's house. He is your husband, your lord, your master. You gave him supreme control over your destiny of your own free will, and you cannot complain if he chooses to exercise it. You are here to await his coming."

A cry broke from Honor's lips.

The Bings abruptly withdrew, and closed and locked the door.

They went down stairs to the kitchen, a broad, low room, with mullioned windows now curtained, a bright brick floor, old-fashioned high-backed wooden settles, and a great yawning fireplace, in which burning heavy logs were now ablaze. Two or three kettles were suspended over the fire. The chimney-piece was formed of Dutch tiles, with quaint old pictures painted upon them. A dresser laden with wares of delf and tin filled an adjacent nook. It was the kitchen of a century ago, preserved in all its details of projecting darkened beams overhead, cavernous fireplace, furniture and mantel-piece.

"Has my brother come yet?" demanded Bing, as he entered this ancient room.

A man arose from one of the settles, rubbing his eyes. His likeness to the valet proclaimed him his brother.

"I'm glad you're on hand, Jacob," said Bing, nodding coolly. "You are to put on these clothes of mine, darken your skin, and disguise yourself as a gipsy, and take the wagon back to the place I got it. Gusty will go with you. The gipsy chief will give you back half the money I left with him as security. The wagon must stand in the stable yard to-day, and you must be off soon after dark to-night. When you shall have delivered the wagon to its owner, cast off your disguise and go home with Gusty."

"I understand," said Jacob.

"Good. Has there been anything in the papers about a missing young lady?"

"Not a word. It's been kept out of the newspapers."

"Good also. We have come as secretly as snakes. I'll defy the police, and those that set them on. We are hidden completely here. Have you seen anything of the farmer?"

"No; I arrived secretly night before last," replied Jacob, "and lay hid all day yesterday. I have seen no one."

"The farmer came over the first day after I came on alone," said Miss Bing, rubbing the end of her red and bulbous nose viciously, "but I soon got rid of him, and haven't seen him since. He won't trouble us with being sociable. How long shall you stay here, Nelson?"

"A day or two," answered the valet. "The young lady up stairs owns a certain paper, and before I go away I want to know where it is."

"I can tell you," said Gusty. "She wears a gold chain around her neck inside her dress. And hanging upon the chain is a curious black shining ball, and a little oiled silk bag with a folded paper in it. I heard the bag crackle."

"That's the paper I want," said the valet. "I don't go away without it. And you need not doubt I shall take it with me when I go."

"Is the young lady's husband coming to see her?" asked Miss Bing.

"I presume he is. He loves her while he hates her. She is his wife in any case, and we are not risking anything in obeying his commands to bring her to his house," said the valet. "I shall get that paper and take it to my master. Then he will decide what is to be done with his wife. One thing is certain," he added, compressing his lips, "her future will be different from her expectations. She won't be set at liberty so soon as she may anticipate. She belongs to her husband, and she is in his power. If I am not mistaken, she'll soon find that she is in the hands of a vindictive master."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE WHIRLWIND SWEEPING ON.

We will now take up the thread of Darrel Moer's experiences at the point where it was dropped.

Lord Waldemar's nephew was standing in the broad hall of the house in Park Lane, with his hand upon the door of the drawing-room, where Miss Floyd and Mrs. Watchley awaited him, when Grimrod arrived, and was admitted.

The manager was well muffled against the chill of the March night. He relinquished his wrappings into the hands of the hall porter, extended his hand to Darrel Moer, and inquired for Lord Waldemar.

"His lordship is just gone to the House of Lords," replied Moer. "He speaks to-night. But the ladies are at home. Won't you come into the drawing-room?"

"Thank you, no, not just yet," said Grimrod. "I haven't dined, so I'll make my way to the dining-room, and see what the butler can give me."

"When you come up, look for me in the library," said Moer. "I have something to say to you before you join the ladies."

A significant gleam came into the manager's eyes. He signified his assent, and made his way to the dining-hall.

Moer entered the drawing-room.

The two ladies sat idle and empty-handed, the elder deeply thoughtful, the younger full of fretful impatience. Both looked up quickly at Moer's entrance, having heard the sound of an arrival.

"Grimrod is come to see my uncle," remarked Moer—"Lord Waldemar's business manager, you know."

Mrs. Watchley looked relieved.

"What brought him here, I wonder?" said the heiress.

"Business, of course," replied Moer. "He attends to all of Lord Waldemar's business, looking after farm bailiffs, attending to leases, collecting rentals, investing money, and directing repairs. He is Lord Waldemar's right hand."

Moer waited in the drawing-room until he heard Grimrod mounting the stairs, and then he excused himself and joined the manager, going with him to the library.

When the two were alone together in the lofty room, with the door locked against intrusion, Grimrod sank into an easy chair, while Moer walked impatiently to and fro. The manager watched the younger man with a strange, inscrutable smile upon his dark visage.

"Has anything happened?" asked Grimrod. "You look disturbed. Are you in trouble, Mr. Moer?"

"Yes—no," stammered Moer.

"If you want money," said Grimrod, "my purse is open to you, sir."

"Thanks. I may accept your offer, but it is not of that I wish to speak to you. I may as well make a clean breast of it. Perhaps you can help me. Grimrod, I have followed your advice, and have—have fallen in love with Miss Floyd. I asked her this morning to marry me, and she consented. We are betrothed."

Grimrod's Mephistophelean visage did not express the satisfaction he certainly felt. But he exclaimed, with a heartiness foreign to his nature:

"Allow me to congratulate you, sir. You have won a beautiful bride, of whom you may well be proud. Miss Floyd is without a peer in point of beauty, and is as amiable as she is accomplished. She will make you happy, I do not doubt."

Darrel Moer made a grimace as if tasting a nauseous medicine.

"She's a bitter pill to me, Grimrod," he said, with a frankness that brought a dull red flush to the manager's face, "but then she's gilded. As my uncle's business manager, it's of course to your interests to exalt his heiress into a goddess. She'll bear all the flattery you can force yourself to give her. And it may pay you in the end, as of course she'll keep you in your present position when she becomes Baroness of Waldemar. But you needn't flatter her to me. I am no lackadaisacal lover, sighing my heart out. I know that Hilda Floyd has got a devil of a temper, that she's vain, selfish, and ungrateful, but it's for my interest to marry her, and I will marry her. I shall make her a good husband, as husbands go, humor her caprices, and let her go her own gait, as I shall go mine. I will promise not to interfere with her."

"You don't indeed talk like a lover," said Grimrod, the flush beginning to fade from his face, yet speaking in a constrained voice. "The girl has a right to claim a husband's devotion."

"I am prepared to make an utter sacrifice of myself," said Moer, half mockingly. "When she is once my wife, I dare say I shall be proud of her. At any rate, I shall enjoy whatever portion of her money may fall to me. I am not a man for sentiment."

"Nor I," said the manager, more cordially. "I am glad you have wooed and won Miss Floyd. Have you said anything to Lord Waldemar?"

"'Aye, there's the rub.' I spoke to him after dinner—not an hour ago—upon the subject. He received my proposal in a kinder spirit than I expected, but refused to allow his granddaughter to marry me under three years. He wants her to see society first, and to know other people. He says if at the end of three years, we—Hilda and I—are of the same mind, we have his permission to marry. But who wants to wait three years? If the girl is to be my wife, I want her now. Hilda prefers an immediate marriage too, because she can then enter society. My uncle has formed the project of keeping her under masters and governesses for a year longer, and Hilda is in a state of active insubordination in consequence."

"She has been led to expect an immediate introduction to society. She's fond of gayety, like all girls of her age. I think Lord Waldemar makes a mistake in placing her again under teachers. What are you going to do about this long probation, Mr. Moer?"

"I shall marry the girl out of hand," replied Moer, a stormy look on his handsome face. "If I ever marry her at all, I shall marry her quietly and secretly by special license in some lonely church, as soon as she shall have been three weeks in London. A residence of three weeks in the parish is required, I believe, to render the marriage valid?"

"You are right. You ought not to do anything that can invalidate the marriage. I see no objection to a clandestine ceremony."

"But what would my uncle say?—'that's the question!' He cast off his own son for a clandestine marriage, and he might serve to us the same sauce."

"The case is not parallel," replied Grimrod. "His son married the daughter of his enemy. In this case, his nephew would marry his granddaughter. The first act savored of treachery and deceit and ingratitude. The latter can be excused on various grounds. You have spoken to him, and received his partial approval too. His lordship is an older man than when he cast off his son. At sixty-eight one does not banish all one's kindred for a slight error or disobedience. I have influence with him, and can perhaps soften his wrath. On the whole, Mr. Moer, I advise you to go ahead."

"But what if he should prove implacable?"

Grimrod crossed one knee with the other leg, as he replied easily:

"Give yourself no anxiety upon that account. Even if he should prove implacable, he could not imbitter your lives as he did his son's. He might withdraw your allowance, true. But he can't live many years, and at his death you come into one of the finest estates in the kingdom. A man might sell his soul for the barony and estates of Waldemar."

"You speak as if you would sell your soul for it, Grimrod," said Moer, with a smile.

"I might make a worse bargain," replied Grimrod coolly. "But to keep to the point. Lord Waldemar, in the event of his bitterest wrath, cannot keep you out of his property many years. If Hilda Floyd did not stand in your way, you would be his lordship's heir. Your marriage with Miss Floyd consolidates your rival interests. Under the peculiar circumstances, I should be willing to lend you assistance. I am rich, thanks to my lord's generosity. I will place my fortune at your disposal, Mr. Moer, and you can live in luxury while you await Lord Waldemar's demise. You can repay me when you come into the inheritance."

"With interest, double and treble," cried Moer. "I see my way, Grimrod, thanks to you. I will marry the heiress. I will accept your offer in the event of Lord Waldemar casting me off. It almost seems as if you had a personal interest in the matter. The marriage will soon be a fixed fact."

He shook hands warmly with the manager.

A little later, Darrel Moer went out to his club, and Grimrod went into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Watchley was alone at the moment, Miss Floyd having gone to the music-room.

The lady rose up, her face flushed, her eyes shining.

"It's all right, Grimrod," she said eagerly. "Hilda and Darrel Moer are engaged."

Grimrod gave her a warning glance that checked her ecstasies.

"I have been made aware of all this," he said: "first, from your telegram; and secondly, from Mr. Moer himself. I have just had an interview with him. He talks like a sensible man; and the marriage will take place in just three weeks. You must tell the girl to be very guarded lest Lord Waldemar suspect what is in the wind."

Hilda Floyd came in from the music-room. Grimrod greeted her with marked courtesy. She gave him a little sour nod, and sat down before the hearth yawning.

Grimrod, being a man of tact, thought it better not to speak of her engagement, to the heiress, in a direct manner, but told her that he had heard of his lordship's intention to keep her under instructors for a year more, instead of allowing her to enter society.

"He'll find that I have a will of my own," said Miss Floyd fiercely. "I am no longer a child, and I won't be treated as one. I shall marry Darrel Moer and become my own mistress, and I don't care if you tell grandpapa so. If Darrel Moer asks me, I'll go to church with him to-morrow."

"You must live in the parish three weeks before you can marry him," said the manager. "I admire your spirit, Miss Floyd. Let me tell you that your success as a married belle will be far greater than as a single one. You will have more freedom, and will find yourself surrounded by a small court. Mr. Moer finds himself possessed of ample means, and can maintain you in luxury, while you both await the inevitable event which is to make you titled and rich in your own right."

Miss Floyd regarded Grimrod more graciously than usual.

Before the evening was over, she had nearly begun to regard him as a friend, although now and then her native insolence cropped out, and she showed herself supercilious and overbearing.

Meanwhile Darrel Moer spent the evening at his club.

He was returning home at a late hour, and was sauntering along Park Lane to the Waldemar mansion, when a man came dashing down the steps of Lady Thaxter's residence, and was in the act of passing him when a mutual recognition occurred.

The man was the young Cornish Baronet, Sir Hugh Tregaron.

He halted abruptly, exclaiming authoritatively:

"Hold, Mr. Moer! I have something to say to you. It occurs to me that you may be able to enlighten me. Miss Glint has been a guest of Lady Thaxter, and went to Bolton this morning on receipt of a telegram from Mrs. Glint's daughter announcing her mother's mortal illness. Miss Glint went to Bolton in charge of Lady Thaxter's companion, and we have just received a telegram from Mrs. Early that this morning's telegram from Bolton was a lie and a sham, and that Miss Glint has disappeared. Do you know anything concerning this matter?"

His stern, passionate eyes searched Darrel Moer's face.

That face expressed surprise, a mild astonishment even, and certainly looked devoid of guilt.

Sir Hugh was not satisfied.

"Answer me," commanded Sir Hugh. "Are you a mover or originator in any conspiracy against Miss Glint?"

"I am not—upon my honor as a gentleman," declared Darrel Moer, his hand upon his heart.

"And your man Bing, who was at Southport," demanded Sir Hugh—"where is he?"

"In town," was the response. "I discharged the dog this very evening, and he's haunting some public-house."

Sir Hugh searched Darrel Moer's countenance with an increasing sternness.

"See here, Mr. Moer," he exclaimed; "let there be an understanding between us. I know that you are married to Honor Glint; I have seen the certificate of your marriage to her in the chapel at Bolton. I know too that Honor is your wife only in name, and that she would rather die than become your wife in fact. I believe that you desire to possess yourself of that marriage certificate, since Bing was sent to Southport to steal it; but the loss of that certificate will not invalidate your marriage to Honor. I wish to Heaven it would. In that case, Honor herself would have destroyed it. But the register of the marriage remains in the official book of the chapel, and has by this time been transferred to Somerset House. You cannot blot out those official proofs."

Knowing that there were no proofs of that hasty marriage in existence, beyond the certificate in question, Darrel Moer could have smiled. He maintained his gravity, however, bowing courteously.

"Mrs. Early's telegram is not very clear," said Sir Hugh, after a moment's reflection. "She was evidently laboring under strong excitement when she wrote it. Miss Glint may have been run away with by a frightened cab horse. I can't quite gather the truth, but Mrs. Early hinted at the young lady's disappearance as the work of an enemy. I start for Bolton immediately. I shall charter a special train. If I find that Miss Glint has come to harm through you, Darrel Moer, it will be the sorriest day of your life, that in which I make the discovery. If you have wrought any harm to Honor, an awful retribution shall come to you, if I have to pursue you over the whole earth. Remember."

The next moment the young Baronet, with his flashing, passionate eyes, had swept on like an incarnate whirlwind down the street.

Darrel Moer paused and looked after him with a curling lip.

"When you find the girl, let me know," he muttered. "All this excitement may cause me to change my course in regard to her. I may find it to my interest not to let her loose again, to invoke against me such fearful retribution. I begin to see that I shall not be free from that girl till she's in her grave! Sir Hugh Tregaron shall never see her face again!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COLONEL'S PRISONER.

If you want to touch the Colonel in a tender spot, just approach him in company, and ask him,—"How about that slippery prisoner?" The Colonel is our deputy sheriff, and he had for several weeks held a warrant for the arrest of a certain Mike Hedgeman, but Mike had eluded him in a most unaccountable manner. So sure as the Colonel went where Mike was, Mike was as sure to be somewhere else.

At length the Colonel received positive information that his man was at work for Mr. Cutter, on his farm in an adjoining town, and away to Mr. Cutter's, bright and early on a June morning, hied the Colonel. At the house he asked a bright-eyed servant girl if Mike Hedgeman was on the premises. Whether the bright-eyed damsel knew the Colonel, and knew his business, we cannot say, though subsequent events would seem to point that way. She informed the deputy, with all apparent honesty, that Mr. Hedgeman was "at work over in the cornfield beyant," and she thought she could see him from where she stood. The Colonel followed the direction of her finger, and he too saw the man.

Without further delay the Colonel started for the cornfield; but he did not advance upon his game in a direct line. He thought it safer to make a detour, and strike by a flank movement. So he crept around behind the stone-wall, and when opposite the point where the unsuspecting man stood, he leaped the barrier, and advanced upon the double-quick. The man stood with his back to the wall, so he could not see the approaching enemy.

"Ha, ha!" shouted the Colonel, clapping his hand upon the unsuspecting shoulder. "Now, my slippery Mike, you are my prisoner!"

But the prisoner didn't budge,—he didn't move,—though he swayed strangely beneath the weight of the sheriff's strong hand. The Colonel stepped around to look into his prisoner's face, and found that—*he had caught a scarecrow!*

And that wasn't the worst of it. Within a week from that time the Colonel learned that Mike Hedgeman and the bright-eyed servant girl of the Cutter Farm had gone West together!

S. C., JR.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1872.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or of the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

OUR TERMS FOR 1872—NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Single copies, $3 per annum; four copies, $10, which is $2.50 a copy; eight copies, $20. The party who sends us $20 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free.* Postmasters and others who get up clubs, in their respective towns, can afterwards add single copies at $2.50. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage. When a draft or money-order can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. The postage on the *Ledger* to all parts of the country is only twenty cents a year, or five cents a quarter, payable at the office where the paper is delivered.

☞ We employ no travelling agents. Address all communications to

ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

Dreams and Their Significance.

Every once in a while a story is started of some dream which proved to be the prevision of a coming event. These stories always go the rounds of the papers, and are the subject of almost universal interest and comment. They are quite differently regarded by different persons. By some they are looked upon as the relics of an old superstition, and as mere accidental coincidences. They say, You have known one dream to be fulfilled; how many hundreds or thousands have you had, or known others to have, which have never come to pass?

Again, it undoubtedly often happens that dreams are but the reproduction, in sleep, of thoughts, hopes or fears which have occupied the mind when awake.

This, however, is not always the case; for sometimes the subjects of dreams, and the views which they present, are entirely novel, and such as never occurred to the dreamer before.

The importance given to dreams in several passages of Scripture, goes a great way to dispel entire disbelief in them; but those who are most credulous find it very difficult to know in what light to regard them. Pharaoh's dream was hard to interpret, to all but Joseph; and yet it was so terrible in its realization, that it lingers in the mind of every one who reads it. People often think there must be some meaning to their dreams; they fear it may be as terrible as that which attached to Pharaoh's, but they have no Joseph at hand as an interpreter.

The *Providence Journal* recently published an account of a young lady from New York, who, while visiting in Providence, had a dream in which her sister, whom she had left well at home, appeared to her. She awoke, fell asleep again, and the same vision was renewed. It was so vivid and impressive, that in the morning she spoke of it to several persons. About noon of the same day she received a telegram that her sister had suddenly died. This incident will probably give rise to uneasiness in thousands of minds in regard to dreams, which, so far as human experience goes, will prove to have had no significance whatever.

One thing which is calculated to diminish, and indeed entirely to destroy all ideas of there being any meaning to most bad dreams, is the facility with which such dreams can be produced at any time, in most persons, by purely artificial causes. Thus, for instance, a late, indigestible supper is nearly certain to be followed by unpleasant dreams, with those who dream at all.

This last-mentioned fact seems to us to suggest reflections of the deepest and most intense interest. What is the human mind, that it is so much influenced by mere physical conditions and accidents? And how great, proportionately, is the control exercised over the mind by the state of the body, or, say the stomach alone, when awake, compared with that which is so well ascertained to be felt when asleep? In other words, to what extent, in what degree, is the mind only a manifestation, during this life, of the physical condition? And, since the soul is immortal, the freedom from this physical control or influence may be one of the great changes effected by its dissolution from the body.

Winter Nights and Winter Mornings—Time for Study.

It is not only the long evenings which will afford good opportunity for study, during several months to come, but the mornings as well. Let any young man adopt the practice of two hours' systematic reading before breakfast, for six months of the year, and he will find that he has acquired in that time knowledge which he would not part with for any price.

Something—a cup of coffee, for instance, or a piece of bread and butter—should always be taken before beginning to read. Study upon an entirely empty stomach is too exhausting to the system.

Try the experiment of early rising in winter, and study or reading before breakfast, and you will never wish to give it up.

This is all-important to young men whose habits are not yet formed. It will make a wide difference to them in the degree of intelligence which they will possess, and in the character and standing which they will acquire in the community.

We do not approve of too much stinting of the hours of sleep. Ample rest is requisite for the full recuperation of the faculties, both physical and mental; but in respect to this, as to most other matters, the adage holds good, that enough is as good as a feast.

Life is so short that but little can be accomplished without a careful husbandry of what there is of it. Two hours in the morning and two in the evening, devoted daily to study, will make a wide difference in a single season between the young man who adopts this practice, and one of equal natural capacity who sleeps through his mornings, and dissipates, or even idles away, his evenings. And the difference will be as great in happiness as in character. Sloth is not enjoyment, and sleep can hardly be called life.

LETTER FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE,
White Mountains, Sept. 17, 1872.

Many of one's pleasantest acquaintances are formed in travelling. Although hundreds of people travel who are not particularly agreeable, yet one will find a large number of intelligent and genial people as it were disclosed. At home they move in their own circles, more or less secluded. They are like buds in a tree; travel brings them into blossom, at least it reveals them. Then too, in places of resort, every one is on his good behavior. They are there to please, and be pleased. But not a little is owing to the absence of care, the relaxation of excessive and anxious work, which at home keeps the nerves screwed up to the utmost tension, and almost of necessity makes men, after a while, peremptory, if not imprecatory.

It does one good to see a dozen gentlemen, every one of whom, at home, is living at full drive, now spending hour after hour on the sunshiny veranda, relating stories, incidents, histories—amused at the simplest things, and falling into cordial good-fellowship after a few days' acquaintanceship. You part with them at the end of a week as if members of your family were leaving. There is nothing that breaks up the formality and stiffness of respectable life so soon as a ride on the top of a coach over a thoroughly revolutionary road. The first jolt starts all tongues, a plunge into the profound of mud sets all to clutching each other; the twists and violent contortions which a series of lurches produce, take every particle of the staid and stiff out of the most inveterate self-contained. Indeed, there is nothing like being pounded into an acquaintanceship.

The roads in the White Mountains this season, according to the above theory, ought to have extended the area of friendship immeasurably. In any proper sense of the term, there are no roads even in the best season. But when two months of almost continuous rains have softened the soil, and scores of six-horse coaches pass over them, or rather through them, daily, their condition cannot be described or imagined. The road from the Twin Mountain House to the old Fabyan place this season, would be called as bad as a road could possibly be, were it not for the Mountain Railroad Company's turnpike on the other side of the toll-gate. Every one pays fifty cents, quite aside from stage fare, for passing over this absurd cow-path. It is a gross imposition upon the public.

If the Legislature empowers them to collect tolls, it ought to compel them to establish a usable road. But to charge fifty cents a head for a ride through concatenated mud-holes, swamps churned to butter of mud, up and down hills so dangerous, and needlessly so, as to require passengers to dismount for fear of upsetting, is a procedure very nearly allied to a gouge. Any one who has travelled in Scotland, in Wales, or among the mountains of Switzerland, will always remember with pleasure the admirable roads, wide, level and smooth, which are everywhere found. The contrast in the region around the White Mountains is painful.

Fortunately for us of the Twin Mountain House, the railroad will be at our door next season. But in other directions, to the Profile House, to Jefferson, and over to the Alpine and the Glen Houses, the roads are discreditable. It cannot remain so much longer. This region is becoming such a favorite resort, and the rides are so inviting were the roads tolerable, that it will be the interest of proprietors and others to have skillfully made, macadamized roads.

To-day has been one of the few fair days of the summer. For a week the clouds have brooded the hills, and dropped rains plentifully. The sun this morning pierced the fleecy vapors, and scattered them. The mountains came forth in all their beauty. Now and then scarf-like clouds would form, and add a new charm to the scooped-out sides of the Twin Mountain, or its brood of brothers. The sun has gone down, sending the long shadows across the sides of the mountains; and now the moon is coming up from the east to invest the scene with night beauty, even more bewitching than that of day. The air is pure and stimulating. It is food and medicine, at least to those who breathe it for only a while; for those who live in these regions have not the appearance of health as much as those who dwell in the lowlands.

Our stay is almost over. A week more, and we bid farewell to these scenes, now grown familiar. As each group of families depart, they exchange hopes of meeting here again next season. When the summer comes the hills will be here, and the clouds, the Ammonusuc, and the forests along its banks. But those who now greet or say farewell may be walking on other shores, among nobler hills, and in companies that never separate, in the summer land, beyond the reach of night or winter.

Trotting—Call Things by their Right Names.

Is it not a very effective mode of promoting Gambling which the American Trotting Congress has adopted in establishing the rule that a horse must trot for money, in order to get what is technically called a record?

Is not speed the same, abstractly and relatively, whether a horse trots for money or not? One horse trots for money, and gets what is called the record. *Joe Elliott* has trotted a mile in 2:15½. This is indisputable and undeniable. He made this unequalled performance in the presence of good men, who are ready to substantiate their statements by their affidavits. Yet *Joe Elliott* does not, according to the rules, get a "record," as it is called, simply because he did not trot for money.

Startle, on the 10th day of May last, four days before he was five years old, trotted at Prospect Park, one mile in 2:19¾. It was announced beforehand in the *Turf, Field and Farm* that he would get a trial on that day, and three good men—Commodore Dodge, Mr. Robert Fletcher and Mr. Simeon Hoagland—were put in the stand and requested to act as timers. They timed him in 2:19¾, and yet, according to the rules, Startle does not get a "record" of his marvelous performance.

No matter how fast any of Mr. Bonner's horses trot, they never get the technical "record," because they never trot for money. What does a "record" amount to, as evidence of the comparative speed of horses, if it be given for any other consideration than speed, pure and simple?

Now, we wish to know what in truth and reality the significance and advantage can be of what is termed technically "a record" over a well-established performance about which there has been no gambling? Would betting about any other fact make it more a fact than if there were no betting in reference to it? Would betting on Trinity church steeple make its height greater or less than it now is? Would betting on the sunrise or sunset change the time—the hour, the minute, the second, or the quarter of a second, of either?

All we demand is to have things called by their right names. Why not substitute *trotted for gambling purposes,* instead of *a record,*—if that is what the Trotting Congress mean and require? Do not connect inextricably innocent amusement with gambling. Will the President of the Trotting Congress, the Hon. AMASA SPRAGUE—a sound and capable man—consider these views? If he will, we have confidence that he will adopt them, for we consider them unanswerable.

If gambling is to be harnessed inseparably to trotting, it will make a steadily deteriorating and despised double team.

A PLEA OF ESTOPPEL.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

Holofernes Huff was a dumpy, *dumpsy* little man, on the off side of fifty, a regular self-tormentor, forever having himself on the rack, and constantly giving the rack another turn. Indeed, one was almost obliged to do his own tormenting, or go without it, in the cheery village of Honeysuckle, where Holofernes lived.

Whatever put it into his head to make an offer of his hand to blithe and buxom Widow Weed, was a puzzling question to the Honeysucklers. What put it into hers to accept the offer was more easily told. Holofernes was rich; the widow wasn't.

In matrimony Holofernes found an inexhaustible mine of troubles, and most industriously he worked it. His pet grievance was his wife's want of sympathy. He had married for sympathy, and had not found it. Like a bat, he revelled in gloom; like a butterfly, she delighted in sunshine. When he dwelt on the frailty of human life in general, and croakingly predicted that himself, in particular, was not long for this world, she only punched the three inches of fat on his ribs, and answered, "Pooh!"

Such heartlessness deserved a lesson, Holofernes thought, and he determined to give it.

He went out early one morning, telling his wife if he wasn't back at breakfast time not to wait. He didn't come back, and she didn't wait. At dinner, and again at supper, it was the same. Many wives would have been uneasy and nervous; but Mrs. Huff was of a different temper. Mr. Huff was doubtless detained by some sufficient cause, and she held it not to be a woman's place to be too inquisitive about men's affairs.

But when the lady was informed, in as delicate a manner as possible, that her husband's hat and coat had been discovered on the river's bank, accompanied by a note explaining that, for reasons not necessary to be mentioned, the writer had concluded to "put a period to his existence," she acted quite up to the requirements of the occasion. She fainted a little, cried some, had hysterics in moderation, and, by degrees, became resigned—all the sooner, perhaps, that the body not being found, there was not the wear and tear of a funeral to go through with.

Mr. Huff having died intestate and childless, his entire estate, by the local law, went to his wife, who, in due time, took out letters of administration, sold the personal effects, paid what few debts there were, and had a snug sum left.

The second-time widow, charming as ever, with a handsome fortune superadded, was not long left to mourn unconsoled. Elkanah Dawkes was a well-favored man and a deacon. Some time a widower, he had found it not good to be alone. Between himself and the deceased Holofernes not the most amicable relations had existed; but the Deacon saw no reason for carrying private resentments beyond the grave, and still less for visiting the iniquities of the dead husband upon the surviving wife. To visit and condole with the latter, he felt was no more than a duty. The duty soon became a pleasure; and, as natural philosophy teaches, action and reaction being equal, the Deacon, in the end, found himself quite as much comforted as comforting. Being a candid man, he told the widow as much, and intimated the possibility of their becoming helps still more meet for each other.

Like Wolsey, the widow thought this "somewhat sudden." She knew there was a sort of social "statute of limitations" which gave a widow's grief a year to run, and half that time had hardly yet elapsed. But the facts, the Deacon argued, that no public funeral had taken place, the corpse having made default, and that no monument in the church-yard attested the melancholy date, made a material difference. The widow was convinced, and consented to name an early day to crown the Deacon's bliss.

It was on the morning of that day that a squabby little man was seen approaching the outskirts of Honeysuckle, he being no other than our old acquaintance Holofernes, whose drowning, as the reader knows, was purely mythic, being, in fact, the lesson by which he had determined to chide his wife's want of sympathy.

"Hello, you!" cried Holofernes, planting himself in the middle of the way, as he saw a man riding toward him mounted on his own favorite hackney.

"Hello, you Bill Higgins!" By this time he recognized the rider, whom, of all the dwellers about Honeysuckle, he hated next to Deacon Dawkes. "What in thunder are *you* doing on Dapple, drot you?"

The horse pricked up his ears.

"How are you, old master?" he whinnied in good idiomatic Houyhnhnm.

Bill reined up, and turned white. The death of Holofernes had been too long a fixed fact in his mind to be suddenly dismissed from it. He could only solve the mystery on the theory that it was the dead man's ghost he saw; and judging from its flushed and heated state, it had not come directly from the regions of the blessed.

Bill had bought and paid for *Dapple* at the sale of Holofernes' effects, but he had no desire to discuss a question of title with a disembodied spirit. So wheeling about, under whip and spur, he galloped back the way he had come.

Breathing objurgations more vigorous than seemly, Holofernes pressed on in pursuit.

As he neared the village church, a *cortege* approached the door and entered. Did his eyes deceive him?—or was that his wife, not in full, or even half mourning, but in complete bridal array, and leaning on the arm of Deacon Dawkes?

Maddened at the sight, he dashed forward, gained the doorway, and rushed down the aisle just in time to see the pair present themselves before the minister.

"Hold on!—*fen dubbs!*—I forbid the banns!" shouted Holofernes, charging into the midst of the astonished party, some of whom were as badly frightened as Bill Higgins had been, while others tittered and bit their handkerchiefs. The Deacon slipped away in the confusion, the minister looked foolish, and Holofernes raved. His wife alone preserved her coolness.

"It's all your own fault, Holly," she said, "and you've great reason to be thankful it's no worse."

Holofernes didn't *feel* particularly thankful, but saw no better way than to follow his wife's example and put a good face on the affair. But when he got home, and learned the extent to which matters had gone, that his estate had been administered on, and his effects sold, we prefer not attempting to do justice to the scene that followed.

Holofernes straightway consulted a lawyer touching the feasibility of getting back his property, and, as a test case, sued Bill Higgins for the recovery of Dapple. Bill's attorney says that his client, having bought the animal in good faith, for an adequate price, on the plaintiff's representation of his own decease, has acquired a valid title. The question seems to be whether a man who has reported himself *dead,* is not, as to third parties who have acted on the report, "*estopped*" from claiming to be *alive,* and good lawyers differ about it.

As for Holofernes, if he didn't succeed in *giving* a lesson, he has at least, we trust, *learned* one.

A Large Living Family.

[From the Salem (N. J.) Standard.]

The late Ephraim and Nancy Husted, of Fairfield township, had seven children, all sons, all of whom are living, and named and aged as follows: John, aged 77; Peter, 73; Thomas, 71; Henry, 68; David, 65; Daniel, 63; Ephraim, 60. There are also 55 grandchildren, all of whom are living, and 187 great-grandchildren, most of whom are living, and 17 great-great-grandchildren, most of whom are living.

THE LITTLE GLASS SHOE.

A NORTHLAND FAIRY TALE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"Ho! ho! ha! ha!—what is it I view?"
John Wilde, the ploughman, cried,
As he hit his foot on a little glass shoe
That lay on the mountain-side;
"Some fay has lost it, there's never a doubt,
And ah! how lucky for me!
The owner will soon be roaming about
To find where his shoe may be.
And so," said John, "I'll carry it home,
That's just what I will do,
And he will pay me a pretty sum
Who buys this little glass shoe!"
And he spread the story far and near,
For many a mile around,
That the fairy folk might surely hear
Who the little glass shoe had found.
And soon to John a merchant came,
Who said he had heard the news;
And would the ploughman sell the same
To a dealer in little glass shoes?
And he offered John a pretty price
For the shoe that he had found;
But John replied it was much too nice
To go for a hundred pound;
Then the merchant offered a hundred more,
But the ploughman still said, "Nay;
The man who buys my shoe," he swore,
"Will dearly have to pay.
There's not so pretty a shoe on earth
To cover a lady's toes;
And then I happen to know its worth
Far better than you suppose.
The shoe is one of wondrous price,
(That nobody can deny,)
And yet, perchance, there's some device
May serve the shoe to buy.
If you are able so show me, now,
When I am ploughing my field,
That every furrow behind my plough
A shining ducat may yield,—
Why, then to you the shoe I'll give,
Else I will keep it myself,—
For an ornament, as long as I live,
To grace my mantel-shelf!"
And so it was the fairy bought
('Twas he in a merchant's guise!)
His own glass shoe, and, quick as thought,
Away to his home he hies.
And off went John, with much delight,
As fast as he could go,
By trial to prove that very night
If the charm would work or no.
And he found the fairy's word was true
As he promised in the trade;
For a shining ducat came to view
In every furrow he made!
And again next morning off he went—
Nor scarce to eat could stop,—
To plough again,—he was so intent
To gather his golden crop.
And so he ploughed, and ploughed, and ploughed,
And scarce for slumber ceased;
No wonder John was growing proud,
So fast his wealth increased!
And still he ploughed by day and night,
When none were looking on,
'Till he seemed, indeed, a sorry wight,
He grew so lean and wan!—
And still, when none his work might view,
He ploughed by night and day;
And still the more his riches grew,
The more he pined away.
Until, at last, his work was stopt,
And the ploughman, where was he?—
Down in the furrow, alas! he dropt,
As dead as dead could be!

MORAL.

Though good is gold, to have and hold,
My story makes it clear
Who sells himself for sordid pelf,
Has bought it much too dear!

A PARSON'S STRATEGY.

The following is old—it belonged to the last generation—but it may be new to many at the present day. Old Parson Munson, of Worcester, used occasionally to be absent from his flock on missionary tours into distant States. Upon a certain summer Sabbath, having just returned from one of these excursions, he found his congregation quite drowsy, and for the purpose of waking them up he broke off in the midst of his sermon, and began to tell them of what wonderful things he had seen in York State. Among other wonders he said he had there seen the largest musquitoes it had ever been his fortune to fall in with—so large, in fact, that *many of them would weigh a pound!*

The good people were by this time wide awake.

"Yes," continued the parson; "and, moreover, they have been known to climb up a tree, and *bark!*"

The congregation were sleepy no more on that day. On the day following two of the deacons of the church waited upon Parson Munson, and informed him that the members of his parish were much scandalized by the big stories he had told them from the pulpit.

"What stories?" said the parson, with innocent surprise.

"Why, sir, you said that you had seen musquitoes in York State that would weigh a pound."

"I said," returned the parson, explanatorily, "that *many* of them would weigh a pound; and I do really think that a *great* many of them *would* weigh a pound."

"Well—but," continued the elder deacon, with a slight choking in his utterance, "you said they had been known to climb up a tree, and bark."

"Certainly," said the parson, with an assuring nod. "As to their climbing up on a tree, I have seen them do that here in Worcester county; haven't you, Deacon?"

"O, yes,—I have seen 'em do that."

"Well,—how could they climb a tree without climbing on the bark?"

The good deacons went their way with something very like a musquito humming in their ears.

C.

To be Read by Those who are Selecting Schools for Their Children.

Now is the time when parents recall their children from country rambles to school desks, and grammar and geography. Those sun-burnt little faces will soon assume a whiter hue, and those elastic limbs crook beneath them, unless you who are parents are willing to inquire further than what are the "terms" for teaching. Let me beg you to add to this, a glance at the *desks* where they are to sit. See if they are so constructed as to crook spines or to bend legs. Find out if there be proper ventilation, or the contrary. And put your foot down decidedly against lessons *out* of school, under the present system of protracted school hours. In short, be half as solicitous about these things as you are about their dresses, their dancing-master, their shoemaker, and we shall soon have a reform effected by those only who can do it, *the parents;* for teachers, like others, are apt to give that which is most *in demand.*

FANNY FERN.

Woman's Rights Maintained by a Judicial Decision.

[From the Rochester Post.]

An interesting suit was tried recently before Justice Norton, of Lake City, which presented the question as to whether a woman who performs the work of a man is entitled to the same pay. The *Leader* states that Mr. Felix Har, greatly needing help in harvest, hired Mrs. Lydia Hodgkins to drive a reaper, but no agreement was made as to price. It was proven that she did her work well, and took the place of a man, and men's wages were $4 per day. Mr. Har, who is a German, was taken by surprise when Mrs. Hodgkins demanded three dollars per day for her work. He refused to pay, and suit was brought. Justice Norton, after hearing the case and listening to the able arguments of counsel on both sides, decided that the work performed had been proven to be worth at least $3 per day, and he thought it made no difference whether the work was performed by a male or female. And with a gallantry that would have done credit to a younger man, he gave the lady all she asked, and would, no doubt, have given her $4 per day, if she had only asked it.

Eating Muskrats.

We laugh at the Chinese for eating dogs and rats, but many of our dishes seem as unsuitable for food, to those who are unaccustomed to them, as dogs and rats do to us. For instance, in some parts of this country the muskrat, an amphibious little animal of the size of a cat, is regarded as a luxury; and "terrapin and muskrat suppers" are advertised at country taverns as something worth having.

The muskrats resemble the beaver somewhat, in habits. In swamps and shallow streams, large heaps, oval in form, may be observed, which have been built up by them of flag root.

The muskrat takes its name from its very strong odor, precisely like that of the very expensive musk obtained from the Thibet ox. No one can say that it is not a perfumed dish; and people can hardly differ about it more than they do in regard to the scent of musk. The Empress Josephine was very fond of it, and had a room perfumed with it so strongly that the walls retained the smell for twenty years. Her husband, the First Napoleon, had so great an aversion to the odor that he could never bear to enter this room; though, at that time, with the less sagacious legal wits than exist now, this difference in taste was not suggested as one of the grounds for the divorce which took place between them.

Would Not Have a Physician.

The *New Brunswick Sentinel* publishes an account of a coroner's inquest on a little girl who died after a lingering illness, gradually wasting away for two months. No physician was called to attend her, and the father swore, on the inquest, that he did "not believe in doctors." An M. D. who was called testified—rather illogically—that "the child died from the neglect of the parents to use proper remedies, *although it might have died if medical aid had been called in.*" The father was held to bail, to await the action of the Grand Jury, in the sum of $500.

A Promising Lad—A Youth of Fifteen a Highwayman, and Whipping his Mother.

[From the Boston News.]

John J. Richardson, fifteen years of age, of Watertown, was brought before H. J. Edwards, Trial Justice, Wednesday morning, on a charge of highway robbery. The evidence adduced at the hearing revealed the following facts: On the 23d, in the afternoon, young Richardson met a team driven by a boy named George W. Bullock of Waltham, between the two towns, and hailing the boy who was driving the team, presented a pistol, and shouted, "Your money or your life!" He then climbed into the wagon and took all the money that Bullock had, about $185. At this moment Mrs. H. Breck came driving by and stopped, when Richardson sprang out of the wagon and ran away. On the same day Richardson hailed a man driving in a covered wagon on Pleasant street and demanded a ride, which the man refused. Richardson pulled out the pistol, saying, "You son of a ——, I'll put a hole through you," and fired, the ball passing through both sides of the cover to the wagon, and in close proximity to the driver, who put whip to his horse, and was soon out of the way. The next heard of Richardson was an hour later, when police-officer Howard was sent for at Richardson's house, where he proceeded, and found young Richardson whipping his mother.

[From the Philadelphia Commercial List.]

Familiar Love.

Perhaps there is no period so pleasant among all the pleasant periods of love-making, as that in which the intimacy between the lovers is so assured, and the coming event so near, as to produce and endure conversation about the ordinary little matters of life: what can be done with the limited means at their disposal; how that life shall be begun which they shall lead together; what idea each has of the other's duties; what each can do for the other; what each will renounce for the other. There was a true sense of the delight of intimacy in the girl who declared that she had never loved her lover so well as when she had told him how many pairs of stockings she had got. It is very sweet to gaze at the stars together, and it is sweet to sit out among the haycocks. The reading of poetry out of some book, with brows all close and arms all mingled, is very sweet; the pouring out of the whole heart, in written words which the writer knows would be ridiculous to any one but the dear one to whom they are sent, is very sweet; but for the girl who has made a shirt for the man she loves, there has come a moment in the last stitch of it sweeter than any stars produced.

[From the Jonesboro' (East Tennessee) Flag.]

A Man Buried by Lightning, but Not Killed.

While Mr. John Mullens, who resides on Newman's Ridge, Hancock county, Tenn., was working in his field with his sons, there came up suddenly a violent thunder-storm—so suddenly that a portion of those working in the field had not time to reach a shelter from the storm. Mr. Mullens, being some distance from the others, was struck by a lightning bolt, and literally driven into the soft earth of the field. His sons, not far distant, seeing the catastrophe, rushed to their father, and found him covered with dirt. They dragged him forth, and one exclaimed, "Oh! he is dead!" Immediately the old gentleman, who was a man of large frame and powerful constitution, raised himself, shook the dirt from his locks, and replied to his son, "No, I'm not dead!"

He was carried to his residence, and the proper medical aid rendered, and he soon recovered from the severe shock, a remarkable monument of escape from instant death. His clothing was rent into shreds and swept from his body, while his shoes were literally torn to fragments. Two or three red streaks on his body were all the signs that were visible of the terrible element that prostrated him.

A Bad Place to Educate Children.

[From the Central New Jersey Times.]

There is scarcely a worse school on earth for the education of the young than that of the street. And it is a melancholy reflection that so many of the rising generation are preparing to graduate into active life from its corrupting associations. It is impossible to calculate the power and extent of the evil influences which are brought to bear upon the minds and hearts of boys who are allowed unrestricted liberty to roam the streets, day and night, imbibing the "evil communications" which corrupt good manners, drinking in lessons of blasphemy and obscenity from their companions.

A Woman Killed by a Piece of Tomato Skin.

[From the Salem (N. J.) Standard.]

A death from an unusual cause occurred near Shiloh, in the neighboring county of Cumberland, last Sunday evening. A lady who had just returned from a visit to her friends in Philadelphia, sickened on the night of her arrival—Friday—and after two days and nights of intense suffering, died. A post-mortem revealed the fact that a piece of tomato skin had rolled itself into a small roll and made its way through the walls of the stomach, causing dreadful suffering during its passage through a portion weakened by disease, and instant death, it is supposed, when fairly through.

All Hands Picking Hops.

[From the Wisconsin Mirror.]

HOP PICKING.—What a bustle! what a stir! what confusion! Hop picking is at its meridian. We look through the enchanting haze of this glorious atmosphere out into the fields groaning under their load of hops, and we see men, women and children as merry as if attending a social party, and as busy as though a house were on fire. The hops are being gathered everywhere. Houses are shut up as though infected with the small-pox, and outside the world is a busy multitudinous throng. Grown folks are picking; some for money, some for health, and a few for *the fun of it.*

—A good action performed in this world receives its recompense in the other, just as water poured at the root of a tree appears again above in fruit and flower.

THE RULE OF LOVE, AND THE RULE OF FEAR.

BY DR. C. D. GARDETTE.

Yea, Parents, train your children
In the way that they should go;
On the tender boughs fair promise
Your wariest ward bestow:

Pluck out the nascent canker;
The rank luxuriance trim;
Protect with deft devices
The fair and shapely limb.

But in all this constant guiding,
With your sterner wisdom blend
The skill of a sweet persuasion,
Lest you break, instead of bend!

There are grave and godly households
Where the tendril plants of bloom
In the hearts of little children
Are nursed in a noisome gloom;

Where the sunshine rarely enters,
Where the laugh is seldom clear,
For the rulers of these households
Still rule by the Rule of Fear!

There are other, brighter households—
Though, alas! they are all too few—
Where the morning sky of childhood
Hath a wide and witching blue;

Where the tears that fall, like dew-drops,
Are gemmed by the light above;
For the rulers of those households
Aye rule by the Rule of Love!

These are the two great problems
Of the tendril trainers here:
Whether to bend by the Love Rule,
Or break by the Rule of Fear.

And woe to them who blindly,
In their own conceit, shall prove
They have never conned the lesson
That the God of Life is Love!

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By **LEON LEWIS**,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN HOME," "EDDY'S SEARCH," "THE CLUB-FOOT BEAR," "MARK HEBER'S LUCK," ETC.

[In order that *new* readers of the *Ledger* may be able to go on with this story just the same as though they had read it from the beginning, we will here give a synopsis of that part of it which has been already published. The hero, William Hawley, had been left on the Island of Desolation, by Captain Luke Pedder, of the ship *Flying Childers*, of which vessel Hawley was mate. Pedder's object in doing this was that he might return to New York, report Hawley as dead, and marry Mrs. Hawley, with whom he was madly in love. Hawley had found a harmless insane person, named Jude Breeling, on the island, and was joined also by an old Scotch sea-captain named Dougal, who was brought there by a lot of convicts led by a desperado named Fisty Bantam, that had captured his vessel. Hawley, Breeling and Captain Dougal had seized the boats of the destroyed ship, and fled to a small neighboring island, where they were getting on comfortably, while Fisty Bantam and his fellow-convicts were suffering horribly on the Island of Desolation. Pedder's sister Ruth, (who was in love with Hawley,) and an accomplice named Tom Breeling, assisted him in his plot. Miss Pedder had sailed in the *Flying Childers* on its return voyage to Australia, with the intention of stopping at the Island of Desolation to rescue Hawley if he should be living. She intended to marry him, if possible; and to facilitate her design, she took along a notice of Mrs. Hawley's death, which Captain Pedder had had inserted in a New York paper. But a companion of Ruth, named Miss Dail, had discovered the plot before Miss Pedder sailed, and revealed it to Mrs. Hawley. Mrs. H. had also received a draft for a hundred thousand dollars from a rich old uncle named Thomas Aymar, in Calcutta—who, by the way, had been left alone with a million dollars in gold on the ship *Petrel*, on which he was coming home, and which, being disabled, had been abandoned by the captain and crew—so that she was able to make immediate arrangements to sail for the Island of Desolation in search of her husband, leaving her landlady, Mrs. Piper, to deal with Pedder, in case he should call to see her. How it fared with Pedder is shown in the following chapter.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BURSTING OF PEDDER'S BUBBLES.

Capt. Pedder sat alone in his back parlor, at his little desk, in a state of anxious excitement. He was not more than half dressed. His hair was still uncombed. His shirt sleeves were rolled up to the elbows. The hour was still early—not later than six o'clock in the morning.

Not only was Pedder very busy, but his work was of the most absorbing and difficult description. He was engaged in composing the letter to Mrs. Hawley of which he had spoken to Tom Breeling upon the occasion of his last interview with that worthy.

The paper lying before the rapt and worried composer was the nicest that money could procure, and was ornamented with a flaming initial. A huge seal lay at hand, as did a stick of sealing-wax, ready to affix its impression upon the back of the envelope, so soon as the precious missive in process of manufacture should have been inclosed within. Usually Pedder was not the man for these little superfluities, but he was now in a mood that disposed him to be critical and painstaking. It was his intention to omit nothing that could in any way command respect for his labors, or tend to their success.

For this weighty epistle, it must be remembered, was the one in which he was about to ask Mrs. William Hawley, as pressingly as affectionately, for "the ineffable bliss of being received at a suitable time as a suitor for her hand."

An hour passed, and then another, in this trying "labor of love," and then Pedder, with a long sigh of relief, leaned back in his chair, regarding his production with a fixed and admiring gaze.

"Ruth told me I must be patient," he mused, as he ran his pen-holder into the thicket of hair above his right ear, half shut his left eye, and corrugated his features generally, "but I can stand this sort of thing no longer. It has been more than two weeks since I saw Mrs. Hawley. Every time I call she is 'out in Washington Park for a walk,' or she 'has a headache,' or she 'begs to be excused on account of her company.' Now this state of things does not look very promising, and for that very reason I am going to put an end to it. I can't be patient, and I won't."

He read his letter again carefully, for the seventh or eighth time, and weighed every word of it in his mental balance, with his body rocking awkwardly upon the forward legs of his chair.

"After all, that's well done," he assured himself, with a flush of contentment. "It's sure to fetch her! That opening allusion to our old acquaintance—before she saw Hawley—is capital. This sympathizing allusion to her great loss is not out of place. It almost makes me snivel to read it myself—it does indeed. These wild protestations of affection are sure to affect her, for all women live to be worshipped. Yes, yes, Pedder, my old boy, you can call yourself a success in the literary line. Ten to one that you are more than a success—a successor!"

Chuckling to himself, he sealed and addressed the elaborate epistle, and then tore up the half dozen sheets of paper he had wasted in the course of his two hours of mental convulsions.

As he finished, the little clock upon the shelf above him struck eight.

"Ha! so late?" he ejaculated, arising. "Hum! if Creb were only here now—"

He was interrupted by a ring at the front door.

"There he is now," added Pedder, with a sigh of relief. "I told him to come toward eight o'clock."

He hastened to the door and opened it. A youth of some fifteen years, who was singularly freckled, and who wore a roundabout coat of blue broadcloth, with bright buttons, was standing upon the steps, cap in hand.

"Ah, here you are!" beamed Pedder. "Come in."

Creb entered. He was Pedder's cabin-boy, and had made several voyages to Australia, as well as to other distant parts of the world, having followed the sea from childhood.

"What I want of you so particularly this morning," said Pedder, as he closed the door and faced about in the hall, "is to take this letter to its address."

He produced his letter and gave it into Creb's hand, adding:

"Do you know where Fourth street is—west of Broadway, and a couple of blocks above Bleecker?"

"Yes, sir."

"You may be off at once, then, as early as it is," said Pedder, with his hand still upon the door knob. "If you see Mrs. Hawley herself, and place the letter in her hands without its being seen by either Mrs. Piper, who keeps the house, or the girl who comes to the door, I will give you a ten-dollar gold piece for your cleverness."

"All right, sir. I'll give the letter to Mrs. Hawley herself, certain."

A few politic suggestions for Creb's guidance were made by Pedder, who added:

"I will wait here for you to report. Come back as soon as you can."

And with this Creb sped away upon his mission.

"The die is cast," muttered Pedder. "The least Mrs. Hawley can do is to send me an answer, and any answer will be preferable to this suspense."

He proceeded to make his toilet with great care, with a vague hope that Mrs. Hawley might send him an invitation to call in person to receive her answer to his letter.

He had scarcely made himself presentable, when there came such a violent pull at the door bell that Pedder started and turned pale.

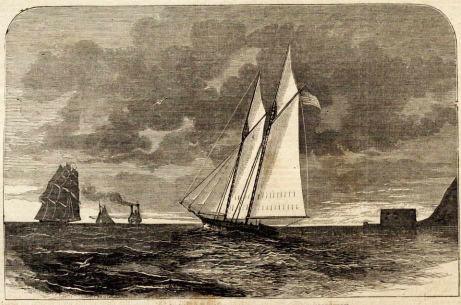
"Must be Hawley himself," was his first thought, "or some officer to arrest me."

He stood motionless at the entrance of the back parlor, in a state of apprehension and hesitation.

The ring was repeated, and, as it seemed to Pedder's guilty soul, with redoubled violence.

Pedder still stood as if transfixed.

"It's *me*, sir," piped the shrill voice of Creb through the key-hole.



CAPTAIN PEDDER LEAVING NEW YORK IN HIS YACHT FOR DESOLATION.

The door was opened at once, and the boy entered.

He was flushed and worried—a picture of surprise and disappointment.

"That ten is busted, sir!" he announced, as he closed the door and placed his back against it.

"And how 'busted,' if you please?" asked Pedder, striving to be calm, as he wiped a clammy moisture from his forehead.

"I didn't see Mrs. Hawley, sir—"

"Not see her? Who did you see?"

"First of all, sir, the girl who waits upon the door—"

"I know her. She was Jenny. She was more than cool to sundry compliments I paid her. I mistrust her. Go on."

"Well, I mistrusted her too, the minute I saw how she looked at me," said Creb, "and so I asked for Mrs. Piper. The girl seemed to change her airs, on hearing that I wanted to see Mrs. Piper, and became polite enough, asking me to be seated in the parlor, and telling me that Mrs. Piper would be down in a moment."

"You saw Mrs. Piper, then?"

"Yes, sir. And as I was bound to earn that ten, if I could, I asked for Mrs. Hawley. 'Mrs. Hawley is not here,' says she. 'Not here?' say I. 'She's out of town,' says Mrs. Piper, 'and she won't be back this summer.' 'Not back this summer?' says I, all in a sweat. 'Sorry, ma'am. I have a letter of great importance for her.' 'A letter?' says Mrs. Piper. 'Oh, I can take charge of that,' and she quietly took it out of my hand, before I could stir a step or object, and immediately tore it open—"

"Tore it open?" repeated Pedder, recoiling, with looks of angry horror.

"Tore it open, sir, and read it on the spot, from beginning to end—"

"She—that woman—Mrs. Piper—broke open and read my letter before your face and eyes, Creb?" gasped Pedder.

"She did, sir; and she laughed and laughed, as if some old grandfather had died and left her a fortune. She even showed it to that girl Jenny, who had poked her head into the door, and then both Mrs. Piper and the girl laughed again, louder than ever."

At this report, Pedder became so red in the face that a fit of apoplexy seemed imminent.

"The beast!" he cried, tearing his hair with his hands. "What villainy, to open and read a letter of affection addressed to another! I will see to this immediately. I'll have Mrs. Piper arrested. But what excuse did she make for her conduct?"

"She merely told me to tell you that you had better call in person, if you should deem it of any consequence to know where Mrs. Hawley has gone for the summer. And with that, as nothing more seemed to be promised me, I was obliged to take myself off."

Pedder calmed himself as well as he could, and reflected a few moments, with all the intentness of a raging passion.

"I will go and see Mrs. Piper," he said, "while you go and find Breeling and bring him here—Mr. Breeling, you know, who made that last voyage with us to Australia. I will give you his address, and you are not to lose a moment in finding him, and in telling him that I must see him here at the house immediately."

The youth dismissed upon this errand, Pedder gave a few touches to his toilet, put a revolver in his pocket—for he began to feel unsafe—and proceeded at a smart pace to Mrs. Piper's.

The girl Jenny admitted him, and Mrs. Piper received him as if nothing had happened.

"I just sent a letter here for Mrs. Hawley," said Pedder, as soon as he was seated—"a letter you opened and read, according to my messenger's report."

"Quite correct, sir. I received and opened the said letter by virtue of written authority and instructions given to me by Mrs. Hawley previous to her departure. Here is the authority in question."

She placed a slip of paper under Pedder's eyes.

"My action in the matter has been quite proper, I hope," added Mrs. Piper. "At any rate, it has been in exact obedience to Mrs. Hawley's orders."

It was no easy task for Pedder to swallow the rage with which he had entered the house, but he worried through the task, with more or less success, during the several moments of the awkward pause that followed.

"Well, yes—certainly," he at length stammered, concluding to make the best of his situation. "And so Mrs. Hawley is out of town?"

"Yes, sir."

"For a period of some months?"

"For several months, sir—for a year, in all probability."

"Indeed! Why, where can she have gone so suddenly, and for such a long absence?" demanded the amazed Pedder.

"She has gone to the island of Desolation."

Pedder started to his feet, with a pallor like that of death, and tried to give utterance to the emotions flooding his soul, but his voice died away in an incoherent murmur.

"Should you be curious about the business of Mrs. Hawley at Desolation," continued Mrs. Piper, "I am instructed by the lady herself to enlighten you."

"You—you are not joking, then?" Pedder managed to articulate. "Mrs. Hawley—is really out of town."

"She sailed a week ago in the *Ocean Monarch* for Melbourne. But she has made an arrangement with the owners for the ship to call at the island of Desolation, where she hopes to find her husband still living. She has learned that Mr. Hawley did not fall from Table Rock, as was supposed by Mr. Moody and the rest, but that he was assaulted by Tom Breeling, the same man who started the water casks of the *Childers*, the same man who came here to board, styling himself 'Deacon Abraham Sanborn,' and who stole the checks—"

Pedder uttered an inarticulate and involuntary howl of consternation.

"And all this is enough to tell you, Captain Pedder," proceeded Mrs. Piper, as calmly as before, "that the wicked scheme you and your sister have been pursuing ever since the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Hawley has now come to the light in all its deformity. Mrs. Hawley has learned, as I was saying, that her husband is not dead, but that you abandoned him alive upon that dreadful island. She has learned of your sister's departure for Desolation in the *Childers*, in the character of an insane woman, with a view to imposing herself upon Mr. Hawley as a wife, in place of the wife whose death you have falsely reported in the papers. She has learned that you obtained a letter at the general post-office, by means of a forged order, and you are to be arrested for that crime, as the clerk who gave you Mr. Aymar's letter recognized you perfectly, he being Mr. Wilber, whose father not long since made a voyage with you in the *Childers* to Australia. In short, every step you have taken in all the course of this infamous business has come to Mrs. Hawley's knowledge."

Pedder had thrown up his hands spasmodically, as if to ward off a shower of deadly missiles, but they now dropped inertly to his sides, and his whole attitude became one of horrified assent.

The torrent of revelations from Mrs. Piper's lips had broken down all the feeble barriers of denial he would have raised—had completely overwhelmed him.

He looked as hideous as a wolf caught in a trap, and writhing in the agony of a broken limb.

"Who told Mrs. Hawley these things?" he demanded, after a minute or two of shuddering silence.

"Miss Dail told her."

"Miss Dail?" and Pedder recoiled a couple of steps. "And who told Miss Dail?"

"She has overheard the confidences you and your sister have exchanged with each other!"

"Ah! the infamous eavesdropper!" gasped Pedder, appalled at the abyss thus opened to him. "She—"

"She has overheard everything—without the necessity of listening—through the register hole in the floor of her room," explained Mrs. Piper. "You may have forgotten that opening—you may have known nothing about it—but it is there; and as it was covered only with a loose board and a carpet, why, Miss Dail has overheard nearly all the conversations you have had with Miss Pedder since your return from Australia!"

We cannot record the horrible volley of oaths with which Pedder received this intelligence.

"And to make your unmasking still more complete," added the good landlady, "Miss Dail and Mrs. Hawley were both present in your house, in the room over the back parlor, on the occasion of your last interview with Tom Breeling!"

"Impossible!"

"I am telling you the exact truth. Mrs. Hawley overheard every word you said to Breeling on that occasion. You will remember what you talked about—robbing Mrs. Hawley, burning her out, getting her arrested, hunting her to her grave, and so forth! You gave Breeling three hundred dollars at the close of the interview. And after his departure, you even heard the two ladies in the hall, and came out, poker in hand, to look for rats—"

"And so I did, and found the street door open. I see it all! Miss Dail let herself into the house with her pass-key."

"She did, sir."

Pedder shivered as with a mortal ague, and turned toward the door.

"I should be a fool to deny these facts," he said. "I will merely offer in excuse of my conduct my infatuation for Mrs. Hawley. I have the honor, Mrs. Piper, of bidding you a final good-morning!"

"One moment, sir, if you please," said Mrs. Piper, arising. "I will avail myself of your presence here to hand back to you the two thousand dollars you gave to Mrs. Hawley as the pretended proceeds of a venture you professed to have shared with Mr. Hawley. I refer to your speculation in boots for the Australian diggings—ten cases, at fifty dollars per case, and so forth! Here is the money."

Pedder took it without a word.

"I return it to you," added Mrs. Piper, "in accordance with Mrs. Hawley's instructions, and here also are the five hundred dollars you obtained from Minnell & Co. by working upon their sympathies."

"But Minnell & Co. owed Hawley—"

"True; but it is not for you to settle his claims. He will settle them himself in person, when you have entered a dungeon or fled to some far corner of the earth—when he is owner and commander of the *Flying Childers!*"

"Owner? Ha! you forget, woman, that it takes money to buy an Australian clipper—"

"True; but Mrs. Hawley has the money. Her uncle, Mr. Aymar, is returning with a million, as you well know by the letter you intercepted. But what you have not known until this moment is, that Mrs. Hawley has already received one hundred thousand dollars from her uncle. She told me to tell you this, and to tell you if you ever cross her path again, in any way or manner, she will subject you to the most rigorous punishment the law will afford her. She told me to tell you all, because she wants the satisfaction of knowing that *you know* how miserably you have failed. She wants you to know that she scorns and defies you even more than she hates you. And now you can go, sir!"

Pedder pocketed the five hundred dollars tendered him, and stalked silently from the dwelling.

CHAPTER XXX.

STILL ANOTHER DEPARTURE.

It seemed to the detected and baffled plotter, as he descended the steps of Mrs. Piper's house, that the bottomless pit had yawned beneath him.

Had it come to this?

Was this to be the end of the grand plot to which his every thought and action during the past year had been devoted?

Alas! and alas!

How everything had conspired against him!

He felt it now—realized it all—saw at one dread glance how slippery his footing had been from the very first step he had taken in this gigantic wickedness.

He could see now that his little scheme of making himself useful to Mrs. Hawley, and so winning her love through her respect and gratitude, had all along been the most miserable of absurdities and delusions.

He could see now that he had never had the ghost of a chance of succeeding in the infamous conspiracy into which he had entered.

It was more like a madman than like a sane man that he tore along the streets, on his return to his house. His face was livid, his glances restless and glaring, his manner desperate. The very pose of his hat, no less than his loosened neck-tie, betrayed the chaos into which his soul had tumbled.

Arriving near his house, his searching glances detected the presence of two figures under the overhanging porch of his front door.

"The officers!" was his mental ejaculation, as he recalled what Mrs. Piper had said to him about his contemplated arrest.

His hand flew to his revolver, with the ready instinct of violence that accompanies desperation.

"It's me, sir," called Creb, in the same voice with which he had made the same announcement through the key-hole an hour previous.

"Oh, ah!—yes," and Pedder advanced.

"And I am with him," said the hoarse voice of Tom Breeling. "He says you wish to see me."

"All right, Tom. You can go home now, Creb. Come around to Mr. Breeling's place at eight o'clock in the morning. I may or may not have something for you to do, but your pay, you know, is going on as usual."

"All right, sir. I will be at Mr. Breeling's at eight o'clock."

And with this the youth hurried away, while Pedder admitted himself and his minion with a pass-key into the silent and deserted dwelling, closing and locking the door behind him.

Taking his way into the little back parlor, Pedder opened the blinds, and sank heavily into a chair, motioning Tom to be seated.

"Why, good heavens, Pedder!" cried Breeling, starting and recoiling, as soon as his eyes rested particularly upon the convulsed features of his employer. "What ails you? What on earth has happened?"

"Our little game's up, Tom!" returned Pedder, in a sharp, hissing whisper.

"And how up, if you please?" demanded Breeling, sinking into the chair proffered him.

"Mrs. Hawley knows all. She has discovered everything!"

"Dis-cov— Impossible!"

"She knows that her husband is living—that you knocked him on the head—that we abandoned him alive at Desolation—that my sister has gone out there to court him—that you stove the water casks—that you stole the checks—that both of us— In short, she knows the whole plot, and every step that has been taken toward carrying it out!"

"But I tell you that there is some mistake, Pedder! It is simply impossible—"

"And I swear to you that I am telling you the exact facts," interrupted Pedder, with a cry resembling a groan. "Mrs. Hawley has learned everything—*everything!* Come here!"

He seized Breeling by the arm, and led the way up stairs to the room over the back parlor, where he threw open the blinds. Then he literally tore the carpet from the register hole in the floor, removed the loose board, and glared through the aperture into the room below.

"You see that hole?" he gasped hoarsely.

Tom nodded assent.

"And do you remember the last conversation we had with each other—a few nights ago—in the room under us?"

Tom again nodded.

"Well, every word of that conversation was overheard by Mrs. Hawley. She was on her hands and knees here, and looking down through this hole directly upon us."

The start Breeling gave at this intelligence attested that he was beginning to comprehend the awful nature of the calamity which had overtaken his employer.

"Are you certain of all this?" he asked.

"As certain as I am of my existence!"

"But how did Mrs. Hawley enter the house so secretly? And why?"

"You have heard me speak of that Dail woman?"

"Dail?" and Tom reflected.

"The woman my sister took in as a 'companion' about the time I sailed for Australia."

"Oh, yes—yes!"

"Well, Miss Dail has occupied this room all the time she has been in the house—"

"And she has overheard everything through this hole in the floor?"

"Everything!"

"The deuce! This *is* a go!"

"And she has run to Mrs. Hawley with the whole story," raged Pedder, as he ground his heel into the bare floor he had uncovered. "I have talked a great deal and often with my sister, you see, and the whole plot has thus come out, point by point, until this infernal eavesdropper was just as well posted about the whole thing as either my sister or myself!"

Tom Breeling arose to his feet, in the wild excitement that shook him, staggering backward several paces. In all the annals of villainy, he had never known a misfortune so fatal and sweeping as this.

"And Mrs. Hawley?" he gasped, by way of a suggestion. "How does Mrs. Hawley take the discovery?"

"She sailed for Desolation a week ago in the *Ocean Monarch*, with a ship load of friends and helpers."

Tom staggered back to his chair, into which he dropped as heavily as if his senses had left him.

"Sailed—already?" he gasped.

"More than a week ago, and she's already half way to the equator, as she's been having a splendid spell of weather. And as the *Ocean Monarch* is about as fast as the *Childers*, why, it's quite possible that Mrs. Hawley will arrive at Desolation in advance of my sister, and so knock my sister's share in the plot all to flinders."

Tom expressed a realizing sense of this probability.

"But how does it happen that Mrs. Hawley has suddenly found so many friends and helpers?" he then demanded. "She was poor and helpless enough. I wonder that the owners of the *Monarch* have consented to let her call at Desolation—"

"I'll tell you how that is. An old uncle from India has turned up, or is about turning up, with a fortune of a million, and the old dotard, curse him, has already sent to Mrs. Hawley a hundred thousand dollars. You can imagine how the possession of this sum has smoothed her ladyship's path, and opened all sorts of doors to her."

"I see," said Tom. "We are decidedly dished."

"And there is a still darker side to the affair," said Pedder. "I'm likely to be arrested at any moment on a charge of forgery."

Tom could hardly believe the evidence of his senses.

"The fact is, I obtained a letter from the general post-office upon a forged order from Mrs. Hawley, and the confounded clerk knew me. It has all come out, too, about our united agency in the affair of those stolen checks.'

"Then I think it's getting dangerous for us to remain ashore," said Breeling. "We'd better push out to sea; and while we are about it, we'll push in the same direction your sister and Mrs. Hawley have taken."

"I only wish we could. But there is no ship of any kind up for Australia just now, and will not be for three or four months to come."

"Well, there is something better than a clipper at your disposal," proposed Breeling—"a private yacht of about two hundred tons, and as fast as a bird. I saw her advertised for sale in yesterday's paper, and I have been to take a look at her. She's as fine a beauty as ever sat upon salt water. She cost forty-seven thousand dollars, and is offered for sale at fifteen. What's more to the point, her stores are already aboard, and she's ready to go to sea at a second's notice."

"Ah!" and Pedder drew a heavy sigh of relief. "Where is the beauty?"

"She's off the Battery. Her owner was all ready to sail on a long cruise in her, but he has been taken ill, and has concluded to give up the intended voyage. You must know of the yacht. She's the *Enchantress*."

"The *Enchantress?* Then I do know something of her," declared Pedder, with increasing interest. "I know the man that built her, and also her first owner. She *is* a beauty, as you say, and as fast a craft as ever left the port."

"Then what's to prevent you from setting everything to rights? You have the cash to buy her?"

"Certainly. I have more than her price in bank, to say nothing of the seven thousand dollars I received day before yesterday, as a cash payment toward the price of this house."

"You've sold out then?"

"Yes. It was arranged before my sister's departure that I should sell, if I saw fit to do so, and I've had an impression for some time that I had better be ready for a sudden departure."

"All right then. Buy the *Enchantress*, and we'll get off to-day. The yacht is so fast that we may reach Desolation in advance of both your sister and Mrs. Hawley. At any rate, sailed as you and I can sail her, she won't be much behind the clippers, you may be certain. The game is still in your own hands, if you only think so—"

Pedder started to his feet, with a revulsion of feelings that turned his face scarlet.

"You are right, Tom," he said. "The idea of this yacht is a crusher! Can you fit her out with a crew this forenoon?"

"I can, and I will, if you say so!"

"Well, I do say so, and I will buy that yacht before I eat my breakfast! Where is the agent?"

"I have the address in my pocket-book—"

"Then let's be off at once."

Pedder led the way from the house with feverish impatience, and in half an hour thereafter was at the office of the agent in whose hands the sale of the yacht had been left.

"Ah, good-morning! glad to see you again," was the agent's greeting, as soon as his eyes rested upon Breeling. "You have come in reference to the yacht, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. This gentleman is my principal—Captain Pedder, of the *Flying Childers*."

The agent expressed his pleasure at making Pedder's acquaintance, and invited his visitors to be seated.

"A friend wants me to buy the yacht for him," said Pedder, "but he thinks the price excessive. He offers twelve thousand dollars—cash, of course!"

"Couldn't think of it. But I'm tired of talking on the subject—I talked all day yesterday to no purpose—and so I'll tell you at once that I am instructed to sell for thirteen thousand dollars, at the lowest figure, provided the purchaser will take the stores at their cost."

"What are these stores?"

"Here are the bills, sir. Please look them over for yourself. They foot up to two thousand three hundred."

Pedder ran his eyes rapidly over the bills, inviting Breeling to do likewise.

"Just what we want," said Tom.

"And enough for a voyage around the world!"

"Quite right, sir," said the agent. "The owner was meditating a cruise as far as Brazil."

"But about the furniture aboard the yacht?" asked Pedder.

"It's sufficient for every need, and I am instructed to lump it off at five hundred dollars, with the guarantee that it's worth three times that sum. There is an immense quantity of linen, and crockery, and plate—"

"Enough, as I am in something of a hurry. It is not necessary for me to see the yacht, as I know just what she is, and I will take her at these figures. While you are drawing up the papers, I will step down to my bank for the money."

It was not without some trepidation that Pedder entered the bank, but Mr. Imlay, the cashier, received him as pleasantly as usual. Pedder declared, in as few words as possible, that he wanted every dollar of his money, as he was about taking a large interest in a shipping house, which was sure to insure him a fortune, and he at once received his money and Mr. Imlay's congratulations.

Hurrying back to the agent's office, Pedder paid for the yacht and her stores, taking a receipt in due form.

"If you choose, Captain Pedder," said the agent, "I will go aboard with you now, and put you in possession myself, instead of sending down a note to the man in charge of her."

"A note will do as well, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then I will take the note, and so refrain from troubling you, as I wish to make a couple of calls in Wall street."

The agent accordingly wrote the note, and Pedder and Breeling took their departure.

Once out of sight and hearing of the agent, Pedder turned to his minion, coming to an abrupt halt.

"That was well and quickly done, Tom," he declared. "And now for the crew. We shall need ten or twelve men. If any choice should offer, I want you to pick out the toughest subjects you can find—fellows who will have no scruples of conscience at anything, so long as they're paid. I'd sooner have cut-throats and pirates than anything else."

"I comprehend," said Breeling, "and will suit you to a dot. In two hours I will arrive with the very men you want."

"All right. Be off. I'll just take a turn around to the house, and put my furniture in charge of an agent, and then row off to the yacht. You'll find me aboard of her when you come off with the crew. Be sure to have the matter understood with your wife, for we shall sail for Desolation within ten minutes after I again see you."

Everything was carried out by the couple in accordance with these intentions.

And it was not yet noon when the yacht, with a crew of twelve as motley ruffians as were ever collected, and with Pedder upon her deck as commander, and with Breeling as first officer, was standing out of the lower bay, at a tremendous rate of speed, with a fine breeze upon her larboard quarter.

"This is glorious!" murmured Pedder, with dancing eyes, as he looked up at the canvas above him and then down at the surface of the water.

"Glorious!" echoed Breeling, and then silence fell between them.

They were steering the same course Mrs. Hawley had so lately taken—the same course previously taken by Miss Pedder. And the wicked thoughts of Pedder had already crossed the intervening seas, to the far-off island of Desolation, and were full of the wicked triumphs he had already promised himself in that quarter!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

◆

ADA'S LOVE STORY.

BY SADIE KING.

The first of August found Mrs. Conway and Ada comfortably established at the seashore. Ada had rebelled against going. She had been out two seasons, and imagined herself world-worn and weary, and wanted to hunt up a quiet, retired farm-house, where she might be relieved of the tedium of dress and visitors; but Mrs. Conway argued differently, and it ended by their coming down to N—— just in the height of the season.

Ada determined to be very quiet; driving and bathing should form the limits of her dissipation; but her room fronted the beach, and while lounging on her sofa, resting after the journey down, she heard some gentlemen passing mention Guy Wentworth as one of the guests at their hotel. She had heard of him often; his mother and Mrs. Conway had been schoolmates, and he and Julius, Ada's brother, had been fellow-travellers for months. Even now she had letters, tucked away in some of her many boxes, filled with his daring exploits. He had returned to B—— the winter previous, while she was in New York. The girls were wild over him—his brilliancy and fascination, distingué appearance and haughty coldness. He went everywhere, but Parisian toilets, smiles and graces, all were donned in vain; he resisted every charm. Vague visions of moonlight sails and drives, and all the many delights of a summer's flirtation, flitted through her dreams, and she sprang up with the determination to conquer the unconquerable. An hour after, she glided into the ball-room the very embodiment of purity and simplicity, her long white dress floating in fleecy clouds around her, filmy old lace covering neck and arms, and a spray of white jasmin in her hair. She was soon surrounded by a crowd of admirers, with whom she laughed and chatted in a nice, lazy sort of way; but she was careful and guarded, for, glancing through her long dark lashes, she saw Guy standing near, looking critically at her.

She had the reputation of being a flirt, and it was well merited. The girl could not help it. She constantly gave herself little lectures, and every fresh conquest plunged her into paroxysms of grief. She would be grave and demure for a while, but natural instinct was too strong. She had the rare ability of making friends of her rejected suitors, so not as many hard things were said of her as of others who deserved them less. She was grieving now over an affair that came near a tragic ending, and her mother devoutly hoped the memory was fresh enough to keep her from another scrape for months to come; but who could blame her for trying to put life in yonder statue? He remained near her without attempting to obtain an introduction, or introducing himself, as he might have done on his long standing friendship with her brother. She became nervous under his close scrutiny at length, and begged her old friend Will. Hall to take her for a promenade. In passing Guy, she contrived to drop her fan at his feet. As he picked it up and handed it to her, she just lifted her eyes with a little frightened glance, then drooped her lids, while the rich red flushed her cheeks as she thanked him. It was the perfection of acting. Guy remembered the sweet timidity of those thrilling eyes long after. He soon found an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Mrs. Conway, and the next day sought Ida everywhere, but she was satisfied for the present, and contrived to avoid meeting him all that week, just giving him tantalizing glimpses of herself in her exquisitely fresh and tasteful toilets, or letting him barely catch the echo of her rippling laugh, until, one morning, they were all starting off for a picnic to a point of interest some miles distant, and at the last moment discovered the accommodations to be insufficient.

Guy turned his horse over to some new-comer, and was making a laughing excuse to Mrs. Stuart, the getter-up of the affair, when Mrs. Conway, learning the dilemma, offered him a seat in her carriage. Ada pouted a little at this addition to their party, but gave him a pleasant greeting. She and Will. occupied the front seat together, and she was as gay and charming as though unconscious of the scrutiny of her neighbor opposite, though we question if she lost a single shade of his expression. Guy was "agreeable and charming," Mrs. Conway said, "just like his dear mother," of whom she was so fond. On reaching their destination she desired Will. to lead her to Mrs. Stuart, and then take Ada to join her friends, who were already preparing for a stroll; but Guy offered his escort, saying:

"If you will trust Miss Conway to my care, I will pilot her to our friends, or will show her the beauties of the place myself."

As Mrs. Conway bowed permission and walked off with Will., he turned to Ada, asking:

"Which shall it be?"

She answered:

"I have never been here before, and would like to explore, but—" with an odd little laugh, and after a moment's hesitation, "I don't like being thrust on you so unceremoniously."

He looked at her silently for a wee second, then, putting her arm in his, said:

"You can't well help yourself, so make the best of it."

Instead of exploring, he led her through the cool forest to a secluded little glen, and seating her on a moss-covered rock, threw himself on the grass at her feet, asking:

"How will you be entertained? I have a nice little volume here. Shall we read or talk?"

She replied:

"I am almost too lazy for either, but as we must do something, and listening requires less exertion than answering, I will listen while you read."

He took the volume from his pocket, and commenced Owen Meredith's "Lucille," a book all women love.

Ada sat, with folded hands and drooping eyelids, listening in the absolute quietude of absorbed interest, when Will. came upon them, calling:

"Ada, our game of croquet is about to begin; come, we will play against your old antagonists, Louise Hyde and Joe Wilson. After our hard practice we are sure to win."

Guy rose, a trifle haughtily, and putting the book in his pocket, turned to leave, but resumed his seat on hearing Ada's:

"Ah, Will., I am *so* interested in this little poem, may I not give up my game, and listen as long as Mr. Wentworth is good enough to read?"

Will. understood her perfectly. She was his friend and confidant—was good to him in his troubles with this same Louise Hyde, to whom he was secretly engaged, and he was her ready aid in all her little plots.

Giving her a little quizzical glance, he answered:

"Certainly you may give up the game. Miss Weston is dying to pitch her skill against Louise, and will take your place."

Guy read no more, but exerting all his conversational talent, which was not small, kept her interested and amused until summoned to luncheon. She had unconsciously shown him so much of her own true, sweet self in their morning's talk, that he experienced rather a shock, despite his knowledge of women and their ways, at seeing her turn so readily to other men, listening with such evident pleasure to their silly twattle, and as soon as possible took her from the crowd. When the party was getting ready to return, he proposed to Will. to take the Conways back to the hotel by the river, leaving the carriage to the care of the servants, but Mrs. Conway declined, at the same time giving gracious permission to Ada to accept the invitation. Will. took Louise, and the four came down together in the little boat, singing gayly. As they parted at the hotel, Ada held out her hand to Guy, saying:

"Please let me have that precious little volume until I can finish reading it."

Holding her fingers imprisoned in his, he answered:

"It is written in strange hieroglyphics, which none but I can read; so if you want to learn the finale of the story, go with me to-morrow, and you shall hear it."

Guy, as he smoked his cigar that night, found it necessary to repeat over and over to himself that he was not falling in love. Oh, no; he was done with that sort of thing, and glided off into his usual evening's reverie; but somehow it was not so gloomy as ordinarily, and Ada's sweet face would rise, overshadowing the calm, clear-cut features and pale golden hair which for so many years had haunted all his dreams.

Ada, meanwhile, was sitting in her room, brushing out her long hair, and wondering if at last Guy was becoming interested in a woman. Once or twice she had noted a quick gleam in his eye, that caused her heart a little throb of exultation at the conquest she saw. Suddenly she recollected having heard something once of his having loved during his days of poverty. The lady jilted him for a richer love, wedding a man double her age. She would write to-morrow to Julius, and ask about it.

The morning brought new pleasures, and she forgot it, or had no time, nor had she for many days to come; they were all spent in such delicious dreaming. Guy had his reveries too, but instead of being gray and misty, they wore love's own clear roseate hue, and at length he acknowledged to his heart that Ada was its idol. He would speak to her soon, and see if she would give her sweet self to his keeping; as yet he dared not disturb the blissful content the passing hours seemed to bring them both. She was destined, however, to decide his fate much sooner than he had intended, for ere this sweet dreaming had lasted many weeks, their party was joined by a friend of the Stuarts, Mrs. Wyman, a young widow. Ada had met her once or twice in New York, but knew her rather better by reputation. People called her coquette, heartless, and the thousand other epithets which will attach to successful beauties. She arrived without previous announcement, and just after the Stuarts and Conways, with their party, had settled themselves in the parlor. Ada and Guy conversing apart, as had grown to be the custom, she came in, dressed bewitchingly; and after a few moments spent in greeting Mrs. Stuart, and receiving introductions, she walked directly up to our lovers, and bowing cordially to Ada, said:

"You will excuse this interruption, Miss Conway, when you learn that Mr. Wentworth and I are friends of long standing, whom accident has kept apart for years." Extending her hand, she continued, "Guy, are you not glad to meet me?"

There's no describing the tone in which this commonplace was uttered—the touching pathos, the tender, lingering regret. Ada felt a strange dying out of life and hope, as she listened; why, she could not tell.

Guy bowed low over the extended hand, while he answered:

"Mrs. Wyman's friends always part from her with regret. Why should they not meet her with gladness?"

None of the old tenderness, nothing but haughty, high-bred indifference. An angry gleam shot from the cold blue eyes, but with smiling, easy grace she entered into conversation, and continued talking until somebody led her away to the music room.

Ada was rather distraught after this. She imagined there was a look of pain in Guy's eyes since speaking to Mrs. Wyman, and her mind would wander off in wild conjectures. Finding her in a mood for silence, Guy proposed a walk to the beach. While standing in the shadow, waiting for him to bring her shawl, she heard some one say to Will.:

"Your friend Miss Conway will need to use all her cleverness, if she means to win Wentworth, now his old love has made her appearance."

Pleading fatigue, she soon returned to the house, and going to Mrs. Conway, asked abruptly:

"Mamma, who is Mrs. Wyman?"

Mrs. Conway had seen Ada's dawning love for Guy. He was just the man she would have chosen for her wayward little girl, but like a wise woman she said nothing. Now, in as few words as possible, she told her:

"Mrs. Wyman was Adelaide Howard of Boston. When only seventeen, she became engaged to Guy Wentworth, who was then poor. His friends obtained a fine position for him in a mercantile house somewhere in Germany, and Adelaide promised to wait until he could make a home for her. He had been gone little more than a year when he learned, indirectly, of her marriage to Mr. Wyman, a man old enough to be her grandfather, but a millionaire. She had corresponded with him up to the week of her wedding, so he was quite unprepared for the desertion. Julius was with him at the time, and described his grief as fierce and bitter. Soon after his aunt died, leaving him her fortune, and he remained in Europe until last winter. As Mrs. Wyman has lived in New York constantly since her marriage, they never met. This summer, learning of his presence at Saratoga, she went there, but he had left, and she has followed him here."

Ada was brave, and full of spirit. She saw the danger which threatened her peace, but there was no trace of excitement, or of last night's sleeplessness, when she joined the riding party the next morning. As they were starting, Mrs. Wyman noticed Guy reining his horse alongside of Ada's, and as that was not to be, she clapped her hands, crying:

"A race! a race! The last one in to give a champagne supper."

There was a unanimous "Agreed!" and the horses started. The tête-à-tête for that morning was prevented. On their return, Guy was asking Ada to drive with him, when Mrs. Wyman, who seemed Argus-eyed, so little were these two able to avoid her scrutiny, divining his purpose, came up, saying:

"I lost the race, and will give my 'supper' on board the yacht. We sail at six. Mind, no vacant seats."

Kissing her hand gayly to the group, she tripped lightly across the hall. There was some such interruption continuously; private conversations were things impossible. Mrs. Wyman seemed to have put everything in a whirl. Morning, noon and night were filled with some new gayety, all to culminate in a grand fancy ball.

The evening before the ball, Ada wore her cluster of white blossoms as usual, only this time they were myrtle, instead of her favorite jasmin. Guy, the few moments they were alone, bent over her, and with a world of expression in eye and lip, asked:

"May I have the flowers you wear to-night?"

She hesitated a moment, then laid them in his hand. His fingers closed over hers for one brief second, then he drew her close to him and kissed her lips. There was no time for words of love, or exchange of vows, for voices sounded near, and Ada escaped and sped across the long hall to her room.

The next morning a group of merry girls were standing around her, discussing their dresses for the evening, when Guy chanced to pass. Minnie Stuart pointed to him, saying:

"Well, Ada, Guy has made it up with Mrs. Wyman. She showed me an emerald he gave her last night, and a beauty it is too."

Another of the group said:

"You missed the best play of the season by leaving the parlor so early. Adelaide, I am sure, must have been the proposing party. Guy kept shy of her for a long while, but she brought him to bay at last."

They were so busy with themselves they paid little heed to Ada, and she had time to recover herself.

This was the end then, the very end of all. She would go to the ball; she *must*, and then get away from N—— as quickly as possible. She could live down her wounded love and pride, but not there. Going to her mother, she begged:

"Mamma, will you take me to town early to-morrow morning. Say nothing, please, of your intentions to any one. You can leave a note for Mrs. Stuart."

Mrs. Conway looked up in displeased surprise, but noticing Ada's suppressed excitement, gave her ready consent.

Locking herself in her room, she got rid of the time as best she might until the hour to dress. She bore off the palm that night. Nothing human could have been more beautiful. She wore amber satin, trimmed with white lace and festoons of creamy pearls; her luxuriant black hair, with intertwining strings of pearls, was arranged in massy coils about her head; large hoops of pearls hung from her ears; her necklace and bracelets an empress might have envied. She represented some Eastern princess, and surely no soft-eyed Houri that ever tuned a poet's fancy into song could have been more lovely. Guy tried to keep her to himself; she never repulsed him, but contrived, without apparent effort, to keep the attention general. She was gay and brilliant, seeming to take an innocent pleasure in her success that was graceful and charming. Mrs. Wyman was very lovely, as Evening, in blue velvet and diamonds; but never was Ada's sparkling piquancy brought out to such advantage as by contrast with our blonde beauty.

Once assured of her triumph, Ada glided away, and was far on her journey long before Guy realized that another day had dawned. His surprise and indignation were unbounded when he learned of the Conways' sudden departure; he could find no clue to Ada's conduct, and at last decided she was what people called her, a "flirt." He "deserved it all," he said, "for a second time trusting a woman." Instead of following her, he lingered on, paying court to the widow with almost savage earnestness. Her hopes were high, and as she contradicted none of the rumors, people straggling back to B—— confirmed the news of her engagement, and drove away the last remnant of hope which Ada had unconsciously cherished. Will. came to see her, telling that Guy and Mrs. Wyman were to visit the Hydes at their country seat, to stay until Christmas, when they were to be married; at least, "the widow told me, 'I will be with the Hydes until Christmas, when I must return home to prepare for an event which I hope will bring me great happiness.' She blushed and simpered so, I said, 'I suppose you allude to your approaching marriage.' Guy joined us here, and with congratulations to both, I left them."

She was no favorite of Will.'s: still less so since he felt a vague mistrust of her avowed friendship for Ada.

As Christmas drew near, Ada wrote her sister-in-law, living in New Orleans:

"NELLIE DEAR: I am weary of snow and ice, and am pining for a glimpse of your sunny Southern home. Send Julius for me, and mamma will let me make the visit promised you so long."

Julius met her in Washington, and took her to New Orleans, where she soon became as great a favorite as in her own circle at home.

Mrs. Conway sent him an account of their summer's trip, and mentioned her suspicions relative to Guy and Ada. He watched her closely, and put his clever little wife up to doing the same, but no word or action betrayed her. One day at dinner, shortly after her arrival, he said to her:

"You have never given me an account of Guy's sojourn at N——. I am sure no man of his wealth and personal attractions could have remained there a month unmolested by the mammas, to say nothing of the lovely daughters' efforts in their own behalf."

With a glance of surprise, she answered:

"Why, surely mamma told you of his engagement to Mrs. Wyman! I should have mentioned it earlier, but supposed she had already done so."

"So Adelaide has actually hunted him down; but I'll not believe Guy so weak as to be a second time her captive, however much appearances may favor the supposition."

"There can be no question about it," she answered, rising to leave the table. "She wears an emerald ring, and shows it as his pledge to her."

Julius imagined he knew more of that emerald than Ada did, and guessed Mrs. Wyman's little plotting. His sister and friend were both too dear to him for any foolish conventionalities to prevent his attempting to give them a chance to understand each other, and at once dispatched a letter to Guy, which caused him to take a hasty leave of the Hydes, much to the widow's discomfiture.

He hurried to B——, paid Mrs. Conway a long call, and then started South. The day of his arrival Ada was out. On her return, late in the afternoon, Nellie followed her to her dressing-room, bidding her:

"Make yourself as charming as possible. We have company, a new arrival, and you are very late."

Mentally vowing the "new arrival" a bore, she made a quick toilet, and reached the drawing-room just after dinner was announced. Late as she was, there was some one later. She had heard the closing of a door near by, and rapid footsteps following hers. And now a gentleman entered, and coming up to her, said:

"I tried to reach here in time to open the door for you, but you were too swift. I might have imagined you were fleeing from me, but that we are both so late."

A second's pallor, then with a flush that might pass for surprise, she extended her hand, saying:

"Nellie told me of new arrivals, but I never dreamed of meeting you, Mr. Wentworth."

He took her in to dinner. She was brilliant and fascinating, but as the ladies withdrew she pleaded fatigue, and went to her room.

She was amazed at Guy's appearance South, and became sorely puzzled at his protracted stay. Christmas had come and gone, yet he lingered. Nothing was ever said of Mrs. Wyman, or of his approaching marriage, and she was too proud to question. Her conclusion was that he had again been disappointed, and was trying to forget his pain in amusing himself with her. Without in any visible way avoiding him, she surrounded herself with an atmosphere of reserve he found it impossible to penetrate. Hoping to win from her some evidence of feeling that might lead to a reconciliation, he tried her again and again by allusions to the past. She met them with a frankness that would have charmed, had he not regarded it as an evidence of mere friendliness, perhaps indifference. He had believed she loved him; now, deciding that he had been the dupe of his own vanity, he determined a second time to try foreign travel as an antidote for wounded affection. So these two, loving each other so dearly, might have drifted apart forever, but for a chance conversation. Ada was blue and lazy. Drawing a large chair within a curtained alcove of the library, she tried to solace herself with a book. Either the tale was uninteresting, or she had not recovered from last night's fatigue, for she soon dozed dreamily, and was only aroused at dusk by the hum of voices in the room. Before she could decide whether she were really awake, or still dreaming, she heard Julius say:

"But that Ada is so unapproachable where Guy is concerned, I might tell her the true story of that emerald, which seems to have been the cause of the trouble. Adelaide gave it to him on his departure for Germany. He continued wearing it after her marriage, 'as a talisman,' he said, 'to keep him safe from women's wiles.' Some allusions of hers while at N—— caused him to return it. He supposes she must have divined how matters stood between him and Ada, and lied about it, in order to part them."

Ada heard nothing further. She remained behind her shelter, with crimson cheeks, and pulses throbbing with excitement. Guy was true, and she had been cruel and unwomanly in her lack of faith and hasty injustice. She must tell him. He was too proud ever to forgive her; still, she must tell him.

Directly she heard Guy enter from the street. Nellie and Julius spoke for a moment with him, then passed on to the parlor, while he came into the library. Without giving herself time for reflection, she parted the curtains and stood before him the picture of sweet humility, while, with trembling lips, she confessed her error.

He waited until she had quite finished; then putting his arm around her and drawing her to him, at the same time lifting her face to his, that he might look into her eyes, said:

"Then you do love me; and now that you are satisfied of my truth, will be my wife?"

Her quivering lips could frame no words, but he was satisfied.

Julius and Nellie, as well as Guy, accompanied her home soon after, and in the spring there was a grand wedding at the stately Conway mansion.

Mrs. Wyman, as soon as the engagement was announced, sailed with a gay party for Europe, and has remained abroad ever since.

◆

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Now look here, Ma'am," said Major Jessamine to Mrs. Mickington, "these children have been in my room again. As sure as the world, they have! The inkstand is tipped over on the new green and black table cover, the sand-box emptied into the cigar stand, and my slipper full of crumpled papers! Ma'am, Job himself couldn't have stood this sort of thing."

Mrs. Mickington looked aghast.

"I'm very sorry, sir," said she. "I don't see how it could possibly have happened. I thought I'd kept an eye on 'em all day, but it was Saturday, you see, and they're like so many wild creatures let loose."

"Ma'am, a month's notice!" said Major Jessamine, jerking out his spectacle case.

"Oh, Major!" whimpered Mrs. Mickington. "After you've lodged with me ten years!"

"I wonder those children haven't been the death of me long ago!" said Major Jessamine. "Flesh and blood can't endure it!"

"I've tried my best," pleaded Mrs. Mickington; "but children *will* be children, and—"

"And that's the reason I give you notice, Mrs. Mickington," said the Major. "I am sorry for you, Ma'am, as a widow, and a hard-working woman, but I honestly think those children are the most spoiled young brats I ever came across. You'll never let your rooms to any advantage until they learn to conduct themselves better, and so I tell you as a friend."

And Major Jessamine went back to his suit of apartments, leaving Mrs. Mickington with her apron thrown over her head.

"Another window cracked," muttered he; "and the print of Josey's five dirty little fingers on my yellow satin curtains! And a birdsnest in the branch of the gas fixture. I wonder where that Billy expects to go to when he dies! And Sarah Jane's doll has been having a tea-party in the alcove," he added maliciously, as his foot crushed a miniature tea-saucer into the carpet. "Mrs. Mickington is a nice, respectful woman, cooks to a charm, and understands just how I want things done; but those young ones are simply intolerable. If they could be drowned or hung, or something of that sort, now, like blind puppies or kittens—" And Major Jessamine chuckled grimly at the idea.

Meanwhile Mrs. Mickington went bewailing herself down to the kitchen, where the week's wash was yet in an embryo state as regarded completion. The baby, a round-eyed specimen of eighteen months, with cheeks as red as if they had been varnished, and hair brushed into a perpendicular billow, or tuft, on the very apex of his head, was tied into a chair, complacently sucking the end of a bone rattle. Joe, Billy and Sarah Ann were engaged in filling their lunch-boxes for school.

"Ma," cried Joe, "I want one o' them red apples!"

"Ma," shrieked Sarah Ann, "he's got my slice of gingerbread away!"

"An't I to have a hard-boiled egg, ma? An't I to have a hard-boiled egg?" persisted Billy, pulling at his mother's skirts. "I said my multiplication-table right. An't I to have a hard-boiled egg?"

At that instant the baby hurt its gums with a sharp angle in the bone carving, and uttered a shrill shriek; the water in the copper boiled over, and a cloud of steam rolled up from the range; the milkman knocked clamorously, with the war-cry peculiar to his species, and the cat knocked a pitcher off the dresser shelves. Mrs. Mickington's worn thread of patience gave way at last.

"Get out of my sight, every one of you!" she said despairingly. "You are a set of bad, quarrelsome, good-for-nothing young reprobates, and it's quite true what poor dear Major Jessamine says about you. Get out of my sight, I say, and *keep* out. I never want to see your faces again!"

The three children, half aggrieved and half conscience-stricken, slunk away to school; the baby, pacified with having the end of his rattle steeped in molasses, left off crying; the milkman brought in the milk, and Mrs. Mickington lifted the boiler off, and picked up the broken bits of china with tears in her faded blue eyes.

"It's enough to drive a poor woman raving distracted, so it is!" said she. "I declare I've 'most a mind to give up sometimes. I could get along so nice and quiet if I hadn't any children. The wise man in Scripture calls 'em a heritage from the Lord, but I guess he was rich, and could afford to keep a raft o' nurses. Dear, dear! the world's a hard place to live in! And the Major's given me a month's notice, after boarding with me for ten years, come next Christmas-day. I declare it makes me feel 'most as bad as I did when poor Mickington died—and all the children's fault!"

And Mrs. Mickington went about her washing with a heavy heart.

"Just my usual luck!" she sighed at last. "The wash half through, and not a grain of starch in the house. Now I *must* run to the grocer's. If the Major hadn't been so aggravated, I could have taken the baby up to the sofa in his room, and asked him just to keep an eye to the little creature while I was out; but I don't dare to for my life, *now*. I sha'n't be gone but five seconds though, and I don't believe any harm will come to the child."

And Mrs. Mickington barricaded her youngest behind the kitchen table, and darted out with a pocket handkerchief tied over her ears.

There was a knot of people gathered at the corner talking, as she entered the grocery, and others stood leaning around on the boxes and barrels.

"I hope your children wasn't among them as was hurt, Mrs. Mickington," observed the grocer, as he tied up her packet of starch.

"Hurt? No. Why should they be hurt?" said the widow, laying down her pennies on the counter.

"Bless my soul!" said the grocer, who was a fat, kindly-natured soul. "I don't believe she's heard of it."

"Heard of what?" feebly gasped Mrs. Mickington.

"There's been a accident at Number Three," said a hoarse-voiced man, "and there's all of a dozen young 'uns killed. Stairs fell down at recess time."

"Needn't to ha' told her quite so sudden, Jones," said the grocer reproachfully. "Don't you see she's faintin'?"

But Mrs. Mickington was not fainting, although her face was as utterly devoid of color as though it had been moulded in the worthy grocer's best tallow. She darted down the street, moaning softly, and wringing her hands.

"They're dead! they're dead and gone!" she wailed; "and I never shall hear their sweet little voices again; and only to think I sent 'em away with a hard word and a frown, not two hours ago! I told 'em I never wanted to see their faces again; and the Lord has took me at my word! I'll call the Major. I'll ask him to go round, for I haven't the courage nor the strength myself. Oh, my children! my children! to think that I sent 'em away so!"

As she entered her kitchen, she saw that the baby's chair was empty.

"Oh, my God!" she wailed, wringing her hands; "he's gone! Oh, Major, Major!"

The Major nearly fell over her, as she tottered up the stairs, holding feebly by the rail.

"What's the matter, ma'am?" breathlessly demanded the old gentleman. "House on fire? No matter, it's insured."

"The children, Major! the children!" gasped Mrs. Mickington. "There's been an accident in the school-house, and—and—"

"Not *dead!*"

Mrs. Mickington answered only by a burst of tears and sobs.

The Major caught his hat from the pegs, his face as pale as the mother's own.

"I'll go round and see. Pray Heaven it's nothing serious," he stuttered. "Reports are always exaggerated. I dare—dare say they're all safe and sound. I—I'll go and see. Dear little Billy! and he was only eight years old yesterday. And Sarah Ann, that I taught to say the 'Beggar's Petition' without missing a word from beginning to end! And Joe, that could put on my slippers and spectacles, and laugh so you couldn't tell him from me myself! They're not dead! they *can't* be dead, you see! But I'll go round, just to set your mind at rest, Mrs. Mickington. Bless your heart! of course, ma'am, it's all right."

And away hurried Major Jessamine, with his hat thrust on wrong side before, and the scarlet skirts of his dressing-gown hanging six good inches below his overcoat, making him look not unlike a gorgeous cockatoo escaped from its cage.

As Mrs. Mickington stared vacantly after him, Betsey Sloper, her next neighbor, came in with the identical baby in her arms.

"Now look here, Sally Mickington," said she, "the next time you go to market and leave poor little Jimmy all alone so, I'll *never* bring him back. Why, any one might ha' kidnapped him, poor, dear, blessed darling!"

And clasping the restored treasure in her arms, Mrs. Mickington sobbed out her grief to the friendly ear of Miss Sloper.

"And I—I told 'em never to show their faces to me again!" she wept.

"That was a foolish thing to say, sure enough," said Betsey; "but, dear heart, the good Lord don't always take us at our word. Hope for the best till you know the worst; that's my motto. And here comes the Major now."

Sure enough, the Major was visible from the window, hatless and eager, with his scarlet skirts streaming meteor fashion behind him, Sarah Ann in his arms, and the two boys following, their arms laden with toys, sugar-plums, and picture books.

"Ma! ma!" screamed Joe, "the Major says he'll take us to Central Park, Saturday."

"Ma!" interposed Billy, "we was on the stairs but we didn't get hurt. Jack Emmons is killed, Jack is! The Major says he'll buy me a squirrel in a tin cage."

"Oh, Major, how can I ever thank you?" sobbed Mrs. Mickington.

"Don't say a word, ma'am," responded Major Jessamine, "but get right down on your knees and thank God for His mercies. And—I say, ma'am, of course you'll pay no attention to my little joke this morning about giving a month's notice. Bless my heart, I belong in your second floor front now, and I'm sure I don't know what I should ever do without the children!"

And Mrs. Mickington kept her lodger.

◆

—Painting and sculpture, next to poetry, constitute the grand medium by which the sublimest ideas and the most exquisite sensations are conveyed to the human mind.

HOPE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

What is it I have lost with years,
With the shedding of salt tears
Over all the pall-draped biers
Where my young dreams wither?
Still Life hath its subtle charm;
Still I know both joy and calm;
Still Love may have power to harm,
Should he wander hither.

Yet I look within my breast,
And am 'wildered and distressed;
Thus thou wert not at thy best,
Heart of mine, thou knowest;
And when in the glass I look,
There I read as in a book,
Something hath my life forsook,
By the face thou showest.

Ah, alas! full well I know
What it is hath changed me so:
Long ago Hope turned to go
From my side forever.
I can work, and I can play,
But all joy is in "to-day:"
Hope who mocked me in life's May,
Hope returneth never.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "EVIL GENIUS," THE "WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

[To enable *new* readers of the *Ledger* to understand this story just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has been already published. Armand Landry, of Le Bocage, Louisiana, while travelling with his daughter Estelle, was killed by a railroad accident near Blanton, N. J., and Estelle was so badly injured on the head that she was utterly unconscious. A former wife of Mr. Landry, from whom he had, years before, obtained a divorce, was living in Blanton under the name of Mrs. Blake, with her daughter Hester, who was betrothed to a physician of the place named Julian Macon. As Hester looked so exactly like her half-sister Estelle that it was almost impossible to tell them apart, Mrs. Blake conceived the idea of passing Hester off for Estelle, and keeping the latter, with the aid of Dr. Macon, in a state of semi-idiocy. The Doctor and Hester readily agreed to this; and Hester, availing herself of the wardrobe, rings, pictures, private letters, diary, etc., of Estelle, went to Le Bocage, the princely homestead of the Landrys, to take her place as the eldest daughter of the house. She imposed on the white people of the neighborhood, but Estelle's old nurse Zulieme and her daughter Zelma suspected that something was wrong. Hester discovered, from Estelle's private diary, that the latter was not only engaged to, but had privately espoused her lover Raymond de Lorme, whose widowed mother lived near Le Bocage. Raymond was in Europe, but was soon expected home, when he and Estelle were to be publicly married. Hester wrote to Dr. Macon and her mother of this discovery, and coolly requested Macon to put Estelle out of the way, so she (Hester) could marry Raymond on his return, and offered Macon a large sum in cash to console him for the loss of her hand. This made Macon frantic with rage and jealousy, and taking Mrs. Blake, Estelle, Mrs. Muller the nurse, and Eunice Barker, a deaf and dumb waiter girl, to New York, he bestowed them safely, as he thought, and started for Louisiana to bring Hester to terms. But Mrs. Muller, the shrewd and avaricious nurse, taking advantage of Mrs. Blake's habitual stupefaction by opium, betrayed the plot to Dr. Presley, a rival and foe of Macon, and with his aid removed the whole establishment to Brooklyn, where Presley performed a surgical operation on Estelle which restored her to consciousness, but from which she passed into brain-fever on learning what had transpired. Meanwhile Dr. Macon had reached his destination, and landed from a steam-boat on the levee in front of the Landry mansion, where Hester was standing with Mrs. Lyman, the governess of Clarice Landry, Estelle's younger sister, Mrs. De Lorme, and others. On seeing Macon, Hester at once divined the cause of his visit, and what followed is detailed in the succeeding chapters.]

CHAPTER XLVII.

HESTER'S RUSE—THE DEATH POTION.

Hester's sharp eyes recognized Macon as soon as he stepped upon the shore, but she had no idea of remaining on the levee to welcome him. She took Miss Lyman's arm, and said:

"Let us go in at once, dear friend. I feel very tired, now that the excitement of the day is over. The gentleman who has landed cannot be coming to Le Bocage, and if he should be, he can find his way without being escorted by us."

As they passed the group of servants, she ordered them to go in at once; then drawing Clarice toward her, she affectionately said:

"Come with us, *petite*; now that Marion is gone, I shall need your companionship as much as I used to in the old days. I shall miss her sadly, so you must try to make up to me for her loss."

In her excitement at the untoward arrival of Macon, Hester had forgotten Mrs. De Lorme and her daughters, and she now turned precipitately toward them, to find that they were still standing on the levee, watching the approach of the stranger. Her self-control almost failed her, and she faintly said:

"I feel very ill. Pray go back to Mrs. De Lorme, Miss Lyman, and explain to her why I have so unceremoniously left her. Clarice will accompany me to the house. I must lie down a few moments, for I feel quite overcome with all I have had to attend to to-day."

Without waiting for a reply, Hester turned quickly toward the house, sweeping Clarice along with her in her rapid retreat. Miss Lyman gazed after her in silent bewilderment a few moments, and then approached Mrs. De Lorme and delivered the excuse with which she was charged.

"Ill—is she?" said that lady very composedly. "It can hardly be anything serious, for she was looking unusually well this morning. I thought the person who landed from the boat was a friend of Raymond's, but I perceive now that I was mistaken. He is quite a stranger to me. We had better go in at once, Miss Lyman, for it is getting late."

While they were talking, the ladies had crossed the open space in front of the levee, and entered the gate. Macon paused a moment on the deserted bank, and then walked steadily forward, entered the gate, and touching his hat respectfully, asked of Mrs. De Lorme:

"Is this Le Bocage, the residence of the late Armand Landry?"

"You are quite right, sir; this is Le Bocage."

Macon presented his card, and said in his best manner:

"I had the honor of attending Mr. Landry in his last illness; you may have heard his daughter speak of me as a true, though recent friend. What has brought me here I will explain to Miss Landry when she receives me, for of course she will not refuse to see one who has travelled so far with no other object in view than a meeting with her."

Mrs. De Lorme regarded the speaker with undisguised astonishment. She frigidly asked:

"Have you any claims on Miss Landry, sir, which you have found it necessary to take so long a journey to enforce? If your bill has not been attended to before this, a letter to her man of business would have been quite sufficient, without troubling the young lady herself."

"Excuse me, Madam," said Macon, with a low bow; "but such claims as I have I preferred to place before Miss Landry in person. We were thrown together under peculiar circumstances, and the young lady was indebted to me for services for which money is no equivalent. I do not come here in the character of a dun, but of a faithful friend, and as such I expect to be received."

The two had fallen behind the others, and now Mrs. De Lorme spoke with less asperity:

"I think I begin to understand on what mission you have come, sir. That rapacious woman is not satisfied, I suppose, with what has been done for her and her daughter, and they have sent you to work on Miss Landry's sympathies in their behalf. Is not that your errand, Dr. Macon?"

Macon hesitated a moment, and then said:

"I *did* come on behalf of Mrs. Blake and her daughter. Of course you know who and what they are, Madam; but I assure you that I undertook my present mission for the benefit of the heiress, more than for that of any other person. I came hither to prevent a great wrong from being perpetrated. The nature of that wrong I cannot explain to you, Mrs. De Lorme, though it may be that you will receive all its details before many days have passed away."

Both mystified and annoyed, Mrs. De Lorme quickened her pace, and curtly said:

"I can wait, sir. I shall not solicit from Miss Landry a confidence which must be voluntarily offered."

After seeing Hester, whom she found apparently ill, and receiving her excuses, Mrs. De Lorme left without deigning to notice Macon again.

Miss Lyman was summoned to Hester's apartment, and presently returned with a most elaborate apology to Macon, who was sitting on the porch.

Miss Landry was too much indisposed to appear that evening, but she hoped that Dr. Macon would make himself quite at home in her house, and in the morning she would receive him, and give her undivided attention to the business that had brought him so far from his own home.

Macon accepted the excuse, and made himself as agreeable as possible to Miss Lyman and Clarice. He felt very certain that Hester would find some means of communicating with him before the night was over, and he fully understood the sham illness which prevented a first meeting in the presence of others.

At a late hour, Macon, under the plea of fatigue, retired to the room which had been prepared for him. He felt certain that he should find some communication there for himself, nor was he disappointed.

While the others were at supper, Zelma was dispatched on some errand, and Hester dashed off a few reproachful lines to her guest, and took them herself to the room she had ordered the housekeeper to prepare for him.

The note was sealed, and placed in a book, with the edges visible in such a manner as would suggest to the shrewd visitor that its contents were designed for himself.

Something else Hester carried with her too—a bottle of wine and a Bohemian goblet of the deep ruby color so highly prized by connoisseurs.

She took from her casket an almost impalpable powder, and rubbed it on the rim of the goblet: it was strychnine; and the few grains that adhered to it, if touched to the lips, would suffice to destroy the strongest man.

Her face was set and pale, and her eyes had a strange glare in them, as she made these preparations, but her hand did not tremble, nor her resolution falter. She went with light, firm steps to the chamber appointed for her unwelcome visitor, and placed her note where he would be sure to find it. She carried in her hand a small japanned waiter, which held the rare wine of which she found a store on her arrival; beside it was the cup which held death within its glowing circle.

Zelma brought up Hester's supper, and chattered in her usual manner, while Hester ate very heartily, she thought, for an invalid. When she was about to remove the tray, the girl said:

"Now Miss Marion 's gone, I s'pose you 'll want me, Miss Estelle, to sleep in de dressin' room, whar you can call me ef you want me in de night."

"No—not to-night. I shall ask Clarice to sleep with me, and you can go to your usual place."

"But, lors, Miss Estelle, I an't got no place now Aunt Z'lieme's gone. I stayed wi' her, an' I's feared to sleep in de cabin all by myself."

"Stay with Sylvia then, till some arrangement can be made for you. I do not want you in the house at night."

"Yes 'm—very well, mum;" and Zelma, with new food for conjecture, took her departure. She communed with herself in this wise:

"She got pale as a ghose when she saw dat ar man git off'n de boat. *She* knowed he hadn't come for no good, an' to git out 'n seein' of him afore folks, she pertends to be sick. *Sick!* when she 's eat sich a supper! You don't fool *dis* chile dat ar way no how, I tell you. Den she won't let me stay nigh of her to-night, an' dat 's caze she 'tends to see dis doctor feller arter folks is all asleep, an' settle wi' him whatever he's come here to see about. See ef I don't git in dis house, an' spy on 'em, an' fine out what debblement dey 's up to."

With this resolution, when Zelma assisted to shut up the house for the night, she left the door unlocked which opened from the conservatory on the flower-garden. From that, ingress to the house was easy; and if the conservatory were chosen as the scene of the meeting which she felt certain would take place, capital hiding-places were to be found behind the plant stands.

Hester Blake's evil genius must have inspired Zelma with these premonitions of what was to be, for when Macon, with a sneer, drew forth the note which had been left in a copy of Tennyson's poems, he found these words:

"I think you must have been mad to come here. What do you expect to gain by doing so? If you mean to threaten me, I tell you that I am prepared to brave you. I must see and speak with you in private, and there is but one way to accomplish that.

"At twelve o'clock the house will be still; at that hour take your lamp and return to the parlor in which you passed the evening, cross two rooms, and enter the conservatory. I will either join you there, or you will find me awaiting you."

The writing was carefully disguised, and its authorship could not have been brought home to Hester, even if Macon had attempted it. The sneer died from his lips as he read her defiance, and he began to feel how powerless he was against her, unless he was prepared to ruin himself in crushing her.

Suddenly his eyes fell on the wine, and he felt grateful for the forethought which had placed it within his reach. He took up the bottle, examined the brand and the seal, and smiling grimly, looked for some means of getting at the precious liquid it contained.

A small corkscrew had been placed upon the waiter, and as Macon lifted it, a few grains of white powder floated down, and settled on the brilliant black polish which formed a groundwork for the gilt arabesques with which it was ornamented. He was habitually observant of trifles, and mistrusting Hester as he now did, a suspicion of the truth flashed on his mind. His face became livid with rage and fear, and for the first time he began truly to comprehend the nature he had to deal with.

Strange as it may seem, after the first shock was over, this evidence of diablerie had a fascination for him. His own instincts prompted him to thrust from his path all obstacles that impeded his way to any object on which he had set his heart, and in Hester he recognized a kindred spirit.

He lifted the ruby goblet and held it to the light. A delicate wreath of flowers encircled the brim, and on the starry petals Macon detected the deadly drug with which they were smeared. After reflecting a few moments, he wrapped the cup in his handkerchief, and placed it in a side pocket of his coat. Then thrusting the corkscrew into the fire that burned on the hearth, he drew it forth purified, and opening the wine, imbibed a long draught from the mouth of the bottle. He then carefully replaced the cork, and with a cunning leer, took the bottle in one hand and the lamp in the other, and issued forth into the corridor on which his room opened.

The lights had all been extinguished, and the house was silent and lonely as a tomb. The family apartments were on the other side, and Macon moved swiftly through the wide hall till he reached the parlor door. It was open, as were the two beyond, which threw the suit of apartments into one.

When he came to the last, he paused and looked around. A small inlaid table stood near the door which opened into the conservatory, and on that he placed his wine bottle. He then drew forth the Bohemian goblet, unfolded the cambric in which it was wrapped, and placed it ready for use when the proper time arrived.

"I have heard of diamond cut diamond, but this will be demon against demon," he muttered, as he folded the door back so as to conceal the table and its contents from Hester, when she came to keep her tryst.

Macon then went into the conservatory, looked about, and finding no seat, turned down the lamp till it reflected a faint glow upon the blooming plants, and placing it on an empty flower stand, began to march to and fro the central alley, which was left clear of obstructions.

His brusque movements scattered the petals of many gorgeous flowers around him; but he was quite oblivious of the damage he was doing, though a pair of distended eyes that watched him from behind a large vase which stood in one corner, were filled with amazement at his flushed face, his disorderly appearance, and his reckless disregard of what the gardener considered so precious.

Zelma was at her post, though her poor little heart quaked and thumped to that degree that she wondered why its agitated beating was not heard by the intruder. But all her native shrewdness came to her assistance, and she defiantly thought:

"I 'll find out who she is dis night any how; and ef she's Hetty Blake, *won't* I blow her up sky high. Thar she comes now, lookin' white and cruel, and I 'clar she seems to be scar'd herself."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ZELMA'S DISCOVERY.

Hester came through the deserted parlors, carrying a small lamp in her hand, with the light turned down so low that the gleams it sent forth barely sufficed to light her steps toward the place of meeting, and she held it so high above her head that the glare fell chiefly on her face. She was deadly pale, and with good reason. She had visited Macon's room before coming hither, expecting to find him dead, or dying; but she grew faint and ill when she looked around, and missed both wine and goblet from the waiter.

"What does he mean to do with them?" she whispered to herself. "Ah, Heaven! what can I now do to extricate myself from his power? The wretch will ruin me. He has come hither with that purpose, and I have furnished him with another weapon against myself."

As Macon watched her approach, he saw that her step was less assured than in other days, and from that, as much as from the ghastly pallor of her face, he drew auguries favorable to himself. This young leopardess had been baffled in her deadly spring, and with terror she now felt herself at his mercy. In this mood she would be less difficult to deal with, and he prepared himself for the conflict that approached, in the arrogant belief that to him would accrue the victory.

As Hester gained the threshold of the conservatory, she paused a moment, and lifting her lamp still higher, her eyes sought to penetrate the dim space beyond the faint line of light reflected from the one which Macon had placed among the plants.

Suddenly a hand issued from the obscurity, touched the screw which regulated the wick, and a bright glare streamed out on Macon's dark figure and cadaverous face.

He made a step toward her, and reproachfully said:

"Hester, is *this* the welcome I expected to find in the house of which *I* have made you the mistress?"

She waved him backward, fearing that he meant to take her in his arms and compel her to endure his caresses, as he had often done before. She felt at this moment that if he made any such attempt, she would try to strangle him, for never had she hated him so intensely as now that he had baffled her designs upon his life. In a cold, hard tone, she said:

"You meet me with a reproach and a falsehood, to both of which I reply, after what I wrote to you, you had no right to come hither, nor I the power to offer you a better welcome than the one you have received. As to making me the mistress here, I scoff at the assertion. My mother's brain conceived the plot, and my own cleverness carried it into effect, with some assistance from you which has been amply paid for. You are welcome to appropriate the greater portion of the money I have transmitted to the North, for gold is all you will get from me."

She turned disdainfully from him, re-entered the parlor, placed the lamp she carried on an étagère which stood near the door, and sunk on a large chair as if unable longer to sustain herself.

Macon snatched up his own light, strode after her, and setting it down beside the other, drew up a chair for himself, and sneeringly said:

"I will have both the money and her who so generously offered it as a sop to Cerberus. I may be no more than a dog in your estimation, but 'every dog has his day,' as the old proverb says, and mine is dawning *now*, Hester. I allow you no choice: you shall consent to go with me, or I will tell the whole story, and have you ignominiously driven forth from the state you have usurped."

In making this threat Macon overreached himself, and his companion was quick to see it. She scornfully asked:

"And what would be your own fate, in that event, pray? You would be ruined even more utterly than I; for your character, both as a professional man and an honest one, would be blasted. Moreover, I have a proposal to make to you which is so much to your advantage that I hardly think you will reject it. It is this: pledge me your word of honor that you will go away to-morrow, and travel to New York as rapidly as steam can carry you; when there, remove the obstacle to my marriage with Raymond, and take with you the Laundry diamonds as your pay for letting me alone, and ridding me of my rival."

Macon's eyes gleamed with rage as he listened to this proposal. Her wonderful beauty fired his heart, and rendered him reckless of everything but its ultimate possession.

He sprang up, tore her from her chair with such sudden and furious strength that she was powerless in his grasp, and clasping her with arms of iron to his wildly beating heart, he cried out:

"This is my answer to the infamous offer you have dared to make me: I will not kill the helpless being who is in your way, but I will immolate *you*, before you shall live to become the wife of any other man than myself."

He had pushed the door of the conservatory partly to, and the small table, with the wine bottle and the fatal goblet, were disclosed to her appalled vision. Macon seemed to be transported out of himself, so great was the excitement of the moment. He loosened one arm from around her, and poured wine into the cup, as he spoke in a rapid tone:

"Ha! I have you at my mercy! You would not dare to call out even if any one was within hearing; but you have taken precautions against that, I know full well, and now you have fallen into your own trap. Here is the cup you drugged for me. I commend it to your own false lips, and may God have mercy on your soul. Long ago I swore to kill you if you proved treacherous to me, and I thus fulfill the vow."

Hester began to comprehend that Macon was in deadly earnest now, and her alarm gave her strength to tear herself from the arm that held her to him. Her first impulse was to fly from him, and gain the shelter of her own apartment; but she knew if she did that, he would be capable, in his present frame of mind, of arousing those who were sleeping in the house, and denouncing her then and there, regardless of consequences to himself.

She recoiled from him but a few steps, when she checked herself in her flight, and facing him, calmly said:

"Julian, this conduct is unmanly, and unworthy of you. If you were to succeed in destroying me, you would only gain undying remorse, even if you escaped the legal penalty of the act. You love me as no other one ever will. I feel it and know it now, and I regret that I tried to solve the difficulties that surround me in the way I did to-night. Oh, Julian, pity and forgive me, for I was in so dire a strait that I knew not whither to turn for safety."

The light of her superb beauty flashed upon him; her eyes, filled with magnetic fire, burned into his; and remembering experiments she had witnessed in magnetism, Hester brought all the strength of her will to bear upon him, as she stood thus facing him with no defence against his violence but her own indomitable courage and imperial self-possession.

Macon was standing with outstretched hand, the ruby goblet flashing in the light of the lamp, as his unsteady hand held it toward her, filled with the wine he had poured into it. As he met her glance the scowl of anger faded from his brow, his sallow face flushed, then grew livid, and apparently hard as stone. A faint tremor thrilled through his frame, his fingers relaxed, and the goblet shivered into fragments at his feet.

A smile flitted over Hester's lips as she witnessed the success of her experiment, and she drew near him, and caressingly laying her hand upon his arm, said:

"Your delirium has passed away, Julian, and I no longer fear you. Let us sit down again, and settle on some compromise which will enable me to reward your devotion as it deserves, and yet retain the wealth I have made my own. I have thought of a plan which I will develop to you, if you will listen patiently to what I have to say."

Overcome by the sudden revulsion of feeling, Macon passively submitted to be taken back to the seat he had occupied in the early portion of their interview. If Hester had led him to the executioner's block, he would have gone with equal readiness, for he was dominated by the audacious spirit which refused to quail even before the doom that so lately threatened her. He almost humbly said:

"Pardon me, my love, my life, for the insane violence of which I was guilty just now. If I had carried out my purpose, two lifeless bodies would have been found side by side in the morning when the house was opened, for I could not have survived you. Oh, Hester, my darling! my darling! tell me that you love me a little—that all your professions were not a sham—that you did not feign love for me to bend me to your own purposes."

"If I did, Julian, I repent it now. You have conquered me. Such love as yours is not to be trifled with, and I regret that I thought without reluctance of solving all my difficulties by giving my hand to Raymond De Lorme. You must admit that I had really no other resource, if I would maintain my hold on the fortune I have won; but I have thought of a plan that I believe will enable me, without injury to myself, to give you all I promised you when you gave your assistance to my mother and myself. Are you calm enough to listen and understand what I have to say?"

She bent forward, and looked him in the eyes with her most bewitching expression, and Macon was thrilled and intoxicated by it. He said:

"I am far from being calm, Hester; for how can I be so, after what has lately passed? But my brain is clear, and I can comprehend your meaning well enough. Speak on, and to the point, if you please."

"I *will* speak clearly, for it would be useless to slur over the true import of what I have to say. There is but one way by which *we* can clasp hands in a prosperous marriage, and that lies through the gates of death. The two who are in our way must be removed; one by you, the other by—*myself*."

Macon started, and a gleam of ferocious joy shot over his repulsive face, as he eagerly asked:

"Would you—would you indeed do that, Hester? Have you so little love for De Lorme that you can think of such a course as would involve his destruction? *That* indeed would give me the strongest assurance of your fidelity to me."

"What is Raymond De Lorme to me, Julian?" she contemptuously asked. "He is the husband of my sister, and no doubt fancies himself adoringly in love with her. Before you came hither, I imagined that necessity would compel me to give him my hand, and I know that if I chose, I could bind him to me so strongly that even the truth, if betrayed to him, would not lessen the glamour I meant to throw over him. But what has passed here to-night convinces me that but one man in the world is deserving of such efforts to retain his love. To win the power to give that one distinguished position and great wealth is now my chief ambition."

Macon stood with an idiotic smile of rapture on his sallow face that at any other time, and under less perilous circumstances, would have brought peals of laughter from the lips of the consummate actress who was fooling him now to his utter and irretrievable ruin.

He sank on his knees before her, and pressing to his heart the hand she reluctantly yielded to him, fervently said:

"Thanks—thanks. A thousand blessings. Henceforth I am yours, to be moulded to your will, to work in your interests, at any cost to myself. In my jealous madness I would have immolated *you* a little while ago; then why should I shrink from the sacrifice of that life which is almost valueless to its imbecile possessor? I will not. I will give it in exchange for that of Raymond De Lorme, since he is as much in my way as Estelle Landry is in yours."

"You will swear this?" said Hester imperiously. "You will not again doubt my good faith, and shrink from fulfilling your part of our agreement, because I shall require to *know* that my rival is no more before the return of Raymond to meet his own fate."

"I swear to free you from all fears on your sister's account," said Macon abjectly. "To win you for my very own, I would do even more than that."

At that moment a crash was heard in the conservatory, which fell as the sound of doom on the ears of the two, who, till this moment, had believed themselves secure from all chance of espionage.

"What is that?" exclaimed Hester, starting up and snatching the lamp from the table. "If any one is hid in there we are lost."

"Perhaps it was only a cat that has thrown down one of the flower jars," said Macon, in a trembling voice, as he threw open the door behind which Zelma had crouched, listening to every word that passed between them.

More frightened if possible than the two conspirators, the girl fled rapidly down the wide central aisle, hoping to make her way to the door by which she had entered, and escape to the house of old Gumbo, where she could tell her tale and advise with him as to the best plan, without danger to themselves, of exposing the daring impostor who had come to rule over them as the lawful heiress.

The keen eyes of Hester detected the dark figure fleeing in the distance, and she pointed it out to her companion, breathlessly saying:

"Overtake her! stop her! It is a woman, and she must not be allowed to leave this place alive. If she resists you, strangle her."

Macon sprang forward, Hester rapidly following with the light; but the loud, agitated breathing of the hunted creature told him where to lay his hand upon her, as he swiftly gained on her bewildered and stumbling steps. In her fright Zelma had completely lost control of herself; and when the door was gained, in place of opening it, she fell in a senseless heap upon the floor.

Macon partially lifted her, and when Hester came up with a white and terrible face, he said:

"I believe she is scared to death, and there will be no need of choking the breath out of her. I hope it is so, for it would be rather awkward for us if she comes to and begins to screech, as she most likely will."

Hester looked down on the dark face, and contemptuously said:

"It is that silly little chatterbox that waits on me. I know now that Zulieme suspects me, and she has set this poor little simpleton as a spy over me. It is well for us that she betrayed her presence here, or I might have had some trouble. She is a fool though, to think that her unsupported evidence would be listened to. Zelma forgot when she came here that she is but a slave, and *her* oath would not be weighed against my simplest assertion."

"So much the better for you; but what are we to do with the creature? The fright cannot quite have killed her, and she will be coming around presently."

A savage gleam came into Hester's black eyes, and she said, through her closed teeth:

"The best thing we could do would be to kill her before consciousness returns; but I will give the wretch a chance for her life. She will be ready enough to forget what she has heard here to-night when I offer her the bribe of freedom for doing so. I will send her North with you, to live with my mother. If justice had been done, Zelma would have belonged to her at any rate, for her grandmother was one of the Blake negroes."

Zelma's body had been paralyzed from extreme fright, but her senses had only been stunned for a moment, and like some wild animals which simulate death when closely pursued, she feigned insensibility, that she might gain time for thought. She heard and understood the greater part of what was said, and at this crisis she suddenly sat up, and with her usual volubility began to speak.

"I 'clar 'fore de Lor,' Miss Estelle, dat I were only a comin' to see what a light were a doin' in de 'serbatory. I didn't know but it had ketched afire from de flues an' things. I heerd somebody a talkin' in de back parlor, an' as I went to see who it could be, I knocked down dat ar flower-pot. Oh, Lor', I an't to blame for nothin'. I jest thought I was a doing of my duty."

Hester fixed a piercing glance upon her, and asked:

"How long had you been near that door when your presence was detected? And what have you overheard?"

"I 'clar, Miss Estelle, I knocked down de jar a tryin' to git to de do', an' I an't heered nothin' o' what you was a sayin' of to dat gemp'len. I hopes you don't go for to think dat I'd go a spyin' on you? I's bin taught better manners 'n dat."

Hester had been steadily watching her, and treacherous as she was herself, she was deceived by the craft habitually practiced by slaves in self-defence. She curtly said:

"Get up and follow me. I can make it to your interest to be faithful to me, and I do not wish to be so cruel to you as to take your life."

Zelma arose, and the three went back to the parlor. When there, Hester ordered the girl to remove the fragments of broken glass from the carpet. Fortunately for her, the colors were crimson and black, and the wine stains would not be conspicuous.

While the girl was thus employed, Hester conferred in low tones with Macon, and then taking his own lamp, he returned to his apartment.

The shattered jar was then found, and Hester held the lamp while Zelma gathered up the scattered mould and broken geranium which had grown in it, and the whole of the *debris* was thrown behind a clump of shrubbery in the flower-garden. Hester then locked the door, took possession of the key, and led the way to her own apartment.

Zelma followed her with a quaking heart. After a pause, which it seemed to Zelma would never end, Hester composedly asked:

"Why do you suppose I spared your life just now, and for what purpose have I brought you hither?"

"I dunno no more'n de dead," blurted out the girl. "I an't done nuffin to 'zarve to be kilt; you knows I an't, Miss Estelle. *I* an't goin' to tell folks 'bout findin' you a talkin' wi' dat strange man arter everybody was fas' asleep in de house. You knows I'd die afore I'd do sich a thing as dat."

"You will have no chance to talk, for I shall send you away to-morrow under Dr. Macon's charge. Wouldn't you like to be a free woman, Zelma, and have money of your own?"

"In course I would, Miss Estelle. What for you ax sich a question as dat?"

"Then swear to me to do my bidding, and you shall have freedom and independence. I believe that I can trust you not to break your oath to one who will prove herself the best friend you ever had."

"I 'll do de best I kin, Miss Estelle, an' 'tan't likely as I 'll be a doin' of anything to hurt *you*, when you 're ready to do so much for me."

"Listen then," said Hester sternly. "Kneel down there: swear to serve me to the best of your ability; never to betray the confidence I am going to repose in you, and your fortune is made."

The girl dropped on her knees, and repeated, with a steady voice, the words dictated to her by Hester. The latter then went to her cabinet and brought forth two caskets: one containing the Landry diamonds, and the other the deadly poisons furnished her by Macon.

She opened the first, and displaying its glittering contents, said:

"I am in the power of that man with whom you found me to-night; how or why I shall not explain to you. These gems are the price he demands for my safety. I shall send them to him by you to-night. To-morrow you will leave with him, and you are to watch your opportunity to give him a dose of medicine I shall prepare for you. While he is under its influence, you will get possession of the diamonds, and hide them till you can let me know where they are to be found. For this service I will give you your freedom and five thousand dollars reward."

"Golly, Miss Estelle, how is I to keep dem ere shiny things? Ef I gits 'em from Dr. Makin, somebody else 'll be sho to take 'em from me."

"Stupid! You are not to let any one know that you have them in your possession till you give them to the lady to whom I shall send you. She will write to me, and I will send an agent to claim them and pay you your reward."

"An' what 's to 'come of Dr. Makin while I 's a doin' of all dat, Missy? Won't he be arter me wi' a sharp stick?"

"Not if you do your part as you ought," hissed Hester in her ear. "Give him the powder in that tiny vial. It is tasteless, and he will not suspect anything. You need not look so horrified. Remember your oath: if you hesitate to obey me, you are lost yourself.'

The shining black face of the girl turned to an ashen gray hue as she listened, but she was too keenly alive to her own peril to hesitate in her reply. She faltered:

"I tole you at de fust dat I'd do de best I could, Miss Estelle, an' dat 's all any ov us kin do, you know. Ef dat man means to hurt you, in course I 'll—I 'll give him de dose you 's got ready for him."

The casket containing the diamonds was sent to Macon by Zelma, while Hester stood in the hall, and held the light till she saw him come out and take it from the girl's hand.

She then returned to her own apartment, locked the girl in her dressing-room, and commanded her to remain perfectly quiet, and hold herself in readiness to go away on the following day, or it would be worse for her.

There was nothing for Zelma but abject submission, for she knew that she could do nothing against her who wielded over her the authority of a mistress. Her assertions would have no weight, even if she dared to make them, and helpless and inexperienced as she was, she saw no way out of the dangers that encompassed her but obedience to Hester's commands till she was once out of her power. *Then* she would make her story known, at all hazards to herself, was the ultimate determination she came to before she slept.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Imitations please, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind.

A FISHER-GIRL.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Aloft on the cliff, in a shining row,
Seven sea-gulls preening their breasts of snow;
A wild surf breaking for evermore
In mellow thunder on shoal and shore.

The waste sand dunes, by the salt wind kissed,
Peer out from their curtains of creeping mist,
With a sparkle of morning, and over the bay
The swift sails melt like a dream away.

The tide runs in, and the tide runs out,
Leaping the low reefs with riot and shout,
And fair little Muriel sits in the sun,
Counting her treasures, one by one:

A curious pebble, a dainty shell
Shaped like an Elfin diving-bell;
A bit of amber, a coral spar,
Spoils of the tropic isles afar;

A wonderful, weird, sea-woven crown
Of weeds and mosses, purple and brown;
Such coronals as the Lurlie fair
Braids for the sheen of her golden hair.

And sweet little Muriel, woman-wise,
Over her tresses the garland tries,
And never a Naiad blushed and smiled
In fairer guise than the fisher-child.

With cheeks like the pink anemone,
And eyes as blue as the blue of the sea;
Her bare white feet, and the budding snow
Blushing under the rim of her bodice low;

Her scarlet lips, her teeth like pearls,
And the slanting rain of her wind-blown curls,
That break from her garland in ripple and ring,
Yellow as daffodils born in spring;

Over her dimpled shoulders, white
As the combing surf in the wan moonlight,
Down to her supple waist they shine,
Flecked with the spray of the dancing brine.

Skimming the shallows, her darling's boat
Ruffles the shining foam afloat;
And wings, and the shadows of wings, flit over
The sunlit path of her fisher lover.

Up the shingle the white wave slips,
And a wild song bubbles across her lips:
"The winds are merry, the fair ships ride
The tumbling gold of the rolling tide.

"Oh, youth is rosy, and love is sweet,
But sorrow follows with lagging feet,
And beauty fadeth, and life grows gray,
But *love* is the youth of the heart for aye!"

◆

TWO METHODS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Mrs. Edmond lived opposite Mrs. Clew; Mrs. Clew naturally, and as a matter of course, lived opposite Mrs. Edmond. Their houses were of the same style, and furnished in about the same manner; and their husbands were men of moderate incomes, who were still able to provide well for their families. Each of the ladies had four children, and singularly enough, three boys and one girl apiece. In these respects, the description of one was the description of the other, but personally and mentally they were not in the least alike.

Mrs. Clew was mild and easy in her temper, and not a model housekeeper. Mrs. Edmond was firm, fond of managing and ruling, and a housekeeper such as one can seldom meet with.

"A good little woman," she would say of her neighbor, "but how she manages! Her children rule the roast, and she has not the power to keep them in subjection. As for her house, just look at it! Her furniture is half worn out, and mine is just as good as ever; and everybody, from black Hannah up, does exactly as he or she pleases. Why, if things were that way at my home, I should die. I have exact rules for everything, and nobody dares to disobey me."

Certainly a stranger visiting Mrs. Edmond's house would have seen, at a glance, that what she said was strictly true. Hers was not company housekeeping. At any moment, any one could have walked through the whole establishment without bringing a blush to the cheek of its mistress. Every inmate had a regular series of duties, and a rod hung behind the door, for the convenient switching of any disobedient child. Rain or shine, the four children went to school, unless absolutely ill. No headache, or pain under the apron, was an excuse.

The little girl had her room to attend to before she left the house, and on their return each sat down to learn next day's tasks.

The child who cried was switched, whatever the cause. The child whose apron needed changing more than three times a week was switched also. Rumpled hair was a crime. A torn dress was a crime. A scream or whoop was a crime. Talking at table was not allowed. And every one old enough to walk went to church twice, and to Sabbath school twice, each Sunday.

Eight was bed hour, no matter how beautiful the evening, or how tempting the book or the toy; though indeed very little such temptation existed for the poor little Edmonds.

Story books were excluded from their libraries unless they happened to be the lives of impossible young saints who expired at the tender age of five, after being undutiful enough to convert their grandmothers; and such "mussy" amusements as dressing and making rag dolls, cutting paper figures, pasting scrap-books, whittling, making peep shows, and baking mud pies, were utterly tabooed in the Edmond's mansion.

The parlors were darkened and preserved intact. No little foot ever crossed their sills. Mr. Edmond was only allowed to smoke on the back porch, and changed his boots for slippers in the outer hall, on returning home after a dusty walk. As for Mrs. Edmond, she sat and sewed in the dining-room; kept a saucer near her for threads; never dropped a spool or had dull scissors, and never, no, never humored her baby by walking with it or tossit on her knee—an orderly baby, who held up its hands, after eating bread and milk, until they were washed, and who, when it cried, was allowed to "cry it out," unkissed and unpetted.

Jack and Jim, Lizzie and baby were always trim, neat and quiet; often in a sulky state, but never bold enough to contest a point. The house was a picture of order, and education, religious and secular, went on by rule and plummet.

How that woman was bringing her family up, said every one.

Now, at the Clews', the parlor was as free as any room in the house. It was even Mr. Clew's favorite smoking place.

"It would be an odd thing that a man should hire a house, and not be allowed to use it," said Mrs. Clew.

The place was clean and fresh, but such busy little mortals, hard at work at play, would litter and scatter. There was a doll house on one closet shelf. There was a table drawer full of odds and ends for dolls' dresses. Mother's scissors were often blunt, because of much cutting of paper. There were stains on the dining-table, made by Tom when he painted Tilly's old set of doll's furniture bright green, and made her happy for a month. Henry, who was thirteen, had even been seen by the observant Mrs. Edmond smoking a neglected end of one of his father's cigars. What would he come to, if he began like that?

The children were sent to a school where lessons were learnt as well as recited in school hours. After that they romped to their heart's desire, and a complaint won any of them a holiday.

They often cried while they were little, and mother's lap was the hiding-place for the wet little eyes. Tom had been whipped once, but that was by his father, and he had been doing something very naughty. As for the baby, when he wiped his sticky hand on his frock, Mrs. Clew laughed and changed it for him. What could be the end of that baby? Mrs. Edmond shuddered to ask.

Then, when the children went to Sabbath school, Mrs. Clew did not take them to church unless they wished to go. Twice a day was enough for little ones, she told Mrs. Edmond. The children made a noise; they broke things; they chattered at table; they gave vent to little war-whoops and shrill shrieks while at play. Tilly was allowed to refuse fat meat; and Tom need not eat turnips, because he hated them.

"In fact, it's a perfect bedlam," said Mrs. Edmond; "and when I think what her children will turn out, and what a dunce Mary is, I feel sorry for the woman, though it is her own fault. Why, her parlor carpet has a darn in it close by the door."

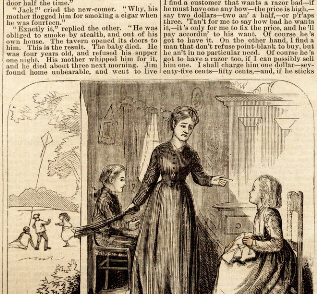
And no one had a doubt that a model family would be the result of Mrs. Edmond's management.

This was the state of things when a neighbor, who was intimate with both families, left the town. He remained away some fifteen years, and of course the young people were grown up and the middle-aged ones getting elderly when he returned. His first inquiry was for the Edmonds and the Clews.

"Poor Mrs. Edmond," said his informant, "she has had much trouble. Poor Jack is a wretched loafer, and drunk at the tavern door half the time."

"Jack!" cried the new-comer. "Why, his mother flogged him for smoking a cigar when he was fourteen."

"Exactly it," replied the other. "He was obliged to smoke by stealth, and out of his own house. The tavern opened its doors to him. This is the result. The baby died. He was four years old, and refused his supper one night. His mother whipped him for it, and he died about three next morning. Jim found home unbearable, and went to live elsewhere. He is a terrible sort of creature; don't believe in a future state of existence, God, heaven, marriage laws, or anything good."



"Brought up so strictly, too," cried the astonished hearer. "And never missed a service."

"That's just it," said the speaker. "Religion was made a sort of punishment to him, and he grew to hate it. He was flogged once for missing a verse in one of the psalms. True religion is love, and love must teach it. Then Lizzie—well, poor Lizzie ran away. Her mother broke off a match she had set her heart on, because the young man did not suit her fancy, and he married some one else, and Lizzie grew desperate and went to the bad. Her father's heart broke at that, and poor Mrs. Edmond is living in some kind of old woman's home or asylum, and glad to be there."

"And if all that happened to Mrs. Edmond's family, what shall I hear of Mrs. Clew's?" cried the old gentleman.

"Well," replied the other, "Mr. Clew died of a bad fall, very suddenly, and she had very little left; but Henry had studied for the ministry."

"Henry!" cried the other. "Why, I'm surprised."

"Yes, and has a call, and they all live at the parsonage. You know he would not go to church sometimes when you knew him, but after a while he said that a religion that made his mother so sweet and good must be the right thing. And Tom has become a writer. Both the boys were called dunces when you left; and his work on the injurious effects of tobacco is thought highly of. He left off smoking after he had tried it for a year, because he found it made him less comfortable. Home is such a dear place to both boys. As for Tilly, she teaches. Young Wilson wants her to marry him, but she puts him off, it will be so hard to leave her mother. As for Baby, he has gone to college; his brothers keep him there."

"Good heavens!" cried the listener, "what am I to think? that children only turn out well if one gives them their own way? Why has the model mother suffered so, and the lazy one come off so well?"

"For this reason," said the speaker: "One ruled by love, and wished most of all to make her children happy. Children are innocent; innocent pleasures give them joy, and there can be nothing wrong in this. She thought of their health rather than of her furniture, and knew that example was better than precept in religious matters. So through love she won their hearts to her and to Heaven; while a cold and cruel exercise of authority, a worship of household goods, and a forgetfulness of childhood's longings, have lost Mrs. Edmond hers. Her well-preserved carpets and unscratched tables were small compensation for what she lost in keeping them so spotless. She meant well, but she was mistaken."

◆

ANECDOTE OF POPE.

Most of our readers have doubtless heard of the sharp rejoinder once made to Alexander Pope, whereby a pointed hit was made at his diminutive and ill-shapen figure, but many may never have heard the particulars of the occasion. They were as follows:

Pope was one evening at Burton's Coffeehouse, where himself, and Swift, and Aburthnot, with several other scholars, were poring over a manuscript copy of the Greek Aristophanes. At length they came across a sentence which they could not comprehend, and as, in their perplexity, they talked rather loudly, they attracted the attention of a young officer who chanced to be in another part of the room, and who approached, and begged leave to look at the passage.

"O, by all means," said Pope, sarcastically. "Let the young gentleman look at it. We shall have light directly."

The young officer took up the manuscript volume, and after a little study and consideration his countenance brightened.

"It is but a slight omission on the part of the scribe," he said. "It only wants a note of interrogation at this point to make the whole intelligible."

Pope saw in an instant that the officer was right; but the thought of being outdone in Greek translation by a mere youth, and a redcoat at that, piqued him, and with a sharp, bitter twang, he cried out,—

"And pray, young sir, what is a note of interrogation?"

"A note of interrogation," answered the officer, surveying the wizened, hunch-backed poet from head to foot with contemptuous look, "*is a little crooked thing that asks questions!*" C.

LUCID TESTIMONY.

Not long since a suit was instituted before a Western Justice to recover the price of a pair of razors. The defendant did not deny the obligation, but he seriously objected to the price charged by plaintiff, and flatly refused to pay. As the question turned upon the real value of the razors, an itinerant vender of such articles—a veritable Yankee of the Nutmeg State—who chanced to be present, was called upon the stand to testify. He was sworn, and then asked if he dealt in razors. His answer was in the affirmative.

"Then," said the judge, exhibiting the articles in dispute, "will you inform the court what would be a fair price for such razors as these?"

"Wal," said the witness, with a comical twist of his long, lank body, "seein's I'm under oath, I s'pose I must tell pooty near the truth. Fact is, Squire, the razor is a fancy article, and it has a fancy price. When I find a customer that wants a razor bad—if he must have one any how—the price is high,—say two dollars—two an' a half,—or p'r'aps three. 'Tan't for me to say how bad he wants it,—it's only for me to fix the price, and he'll pay accordin' to his want. Of course he's got to have it. On the other hand, I find a man that don't refuse point-blank to buy, but he an't in no particular need. Of course he's got to have a razor too, if I can possibly sell him one. I shall charge him one dollar—seventy-five cents—fifty cents,—and, if he sticks at that, I'll put it down to twenty-five cents rather'n not to trade. The razor is a fancy article altogether, yer Honor, and it is worth just accordin' as a man wants it. In fact, *it's worth just all you can get for it.*"

The Yankee's testimony carried the day. The defendant stated that he wanted the razors just fifty cents' worth, and the plaintiff, rather than lose his case entirely, accepted. C.

◆

SCIENCE.

An apparatus for the destruction of insects, and other like pests, called a vermin asphyxiator, was recently exhibited in London under circumstances which are described as particularly enjoyable. Mr. Frank Buckland, the naturalist, assembled a considerable number of friends to see the experiments, which were performed upon various creatures confined in a glass case, to which was attached a tube communicating with the asphyxiator. Two snakes, which he employed as subjects, and which it took the most powerful vapor fifteen minutes to kill, are said to have "coiled lovingly round his hand as he put them in." The *Pall Mall Gazette* well says, "With the exception of the aphides, snakes, weevils and rats, every one expressed the greatest satisfaction with the properties of the asphyxiator."

M. Tegetmeier, the highest living authority in regard to pigeons, attributes the "homing" faculty, as it is termed, in certain species of these birds, not to instinct, but to observation. They have to be trained as carriers from stage to stage, or they invariably get lost; and in a fog or in the dark they cannot be made to fly. According to Dr. R. J. Lee, who writes about the sight of birds in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, the objection that no pigeon can possibly see two hundred miles ahead—which assumption would be necessary to controvert M. Tegetmeier's theory—is in direct opposition to aëronautical experience, as the distinguished balloonist, Mr. Glaisher, can verify.

An interesting discovery about the chief stars in the well-known constellation Ursa Major, or the Great Bear, is announced as having been made by Dr. William Huggins, who read a most important paper on the motion of some stars toward or from the earth, at a recent meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society. It appears from this that five stars of the seven in that constellation are receding from the earth at the rate of about thirty miles per second, each; while the remaining two are diverging from each other, one approaching the earth with a speed of about fifty miles per second, and the other moving away, although more slowly than the five first mentioned.

A shower of pollen from the pine-trees of the Landes, in France, fell at Pau, the celebrated fashionable resort in the Pyrenees, in April last, and, as so often is the case in regard to similar occurrences, it was at first believed to be sulphur. A discovery of the fact that the eruption of Mount Vesuvius did not begin until four days after this shower, effectually disposed of the assertion that the sulphur proceeded from the volcano.

Professor Shaler, of Cambridge, Mass., writes to the *Philosophical Magazine* that he has found it possible, with the Harvard University telescope, to see all the principal features in the topography of the dark region of the new moon, when illuminated only by the reflected light proceeding from the sunlit earth. He says that the best time for such observations is when the moon is only twenty-four hours old.

There is in New Zealand a remarkable bird called the kakapo, or owl parrot, which has been fully described in the valuable and costly works on the ornithology of that country that have lately appeared. Up to the year 1845 its twilight habits seem to have concealed its very existence from explorers; and singularly enough, although furnished with ample wings, it neglects to use them.

Some of the ablest zoologists look with apprehension upon the probable mischief to result from the success of acclimatization societies in many parts of the world, and notably in the British colonies of Australia. It is feared that animals of doubtful value thus introduced will not only exterminate native species, but so increase as to prove a formidable nuisance to agriculturists.

According to the *Daily News* of Denver, Colorado territory, a gigantic fossel palm tree has been discovered near a creek twenty-one miles south-east of that city. Its diameter at the base is said to be twenty-two feet. The locality has not yet been visited, we believe, by any person competent to judge of the true scientific value of this asserted discovery.

Mr. Hind, the English astronomer, has recently calculated the time of the only solar eclipse visible at Jerusalem during the ministry of Christ. It is known as the eclipse of Phlegon, and occurred on November 24, A. D. 29. Eight-tenths of the sun's diameter were obscured.

The Darwinian theory continues to be the subject of bitter and vituperative controversy. In a book just published by a reputable London house, it is stigmatized as an "attempt to bridge over the impassable gulf between the howling monkey" and its advocates.

Mr. Ellery, the government astronomer at the Melbourne Observatory, claims to have recently taken the best photographs of the moon ever yet obtained. The actual picture before enlargement measures about three inches in diameter.

Several cases of poisoning by vanilla have lately been reported.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. A. B. says: "A and B enter into a copartnership to build a house. A is one-third partner, doing one-third of the work, and paying one-third of the expenses, and is to have one-third of the profits. When the house is completed, they find that B has paid out $54 more than his proportion—B, of course, standing two-thirds of all. Now should A pay B one-third of $54—that is, $18; or one-half of it, which is $27? I write you this, Mr. Editor, because it is exactly my situation. I am the one-third partner, and I claim that only $18 is due my partner, but he says I owe him $27. The foregoing is my financial trouble; but now for your advice still further. Is it wrong for a young man to keep company with a girl just for company's sake? He goes with her because he loves to, and quits when not agreeable, and is blamed because he has trifled with, or fooled, or jilted, or broken the heart of somebody without intention. Must one seclude himself, or play monk, or be morose? or can one be jovial, and loving and generous? When I love a girl, I tell her so. Is that wrong? Or should one keep still? Please answer." As to your financial question, B should have his $54 refunded to him out of the gross profits, before any division is made, so as to make your outlays square with one another according to agreement. That is the way to settle that matter. As to your second point, you seem to entertain erroneous and selfish ideas. You say, "When I love a girl, I tell her so;" and then ask, "Is that wrong?" It is not wrong, if it is the truth; and if it is the truth, you will not go back on your word and desert her when the novelty of the acquaintance is worn off. When you tell a girl that you love her, and continue your attentions to her, and she accepts them in the spirit of your declaration, *that* is an engagement of marriage, not only in morals but in law, and you could be held to it, if it were worth while. But it is evident that you are too selfish and untrustworthy in your attentions to young ladies to be worth their bestowing any thought upon.

INQUISITIVENESS (Godfrey, Ill.,) says: "Having taken your paper for a number of years, and seeing your valuable advice to correspondents, we decided to ask your opinion on the following question, there being quite a number besides ourselves that would like to know: Having been acquainted with a couple of young ladies that have resided here for a number of years, they being very attractive, their company is sought after by most young men of their acquaintance; but there seems to be one obstacle, which is anything but encouraging or agreeable, which is this: The mother of the young ladies has some very peculiar notions: she never allows them to go to church, concerts, parties, or in fact any other public place of amusement of an evening, without being accompanied by herself. As they have reached the ages of seventeen and nineteen, when most young ladies here and elsewhere are considered capable of attending such places without being accompanied by their mother, you will confer quite a favor by giving us your opinion on the subject. Having talked the matter over on both sides, we decided to leave it to you whether it is treating young men unjustly or not." We respectfully raise our hat to that mother. Her example is admirable, and a like course on the part of many mothers would save a world of trouble, and we have no pity for the poor boys who feel aggrieved because attractive young ladies have the blessing of a prudent and sensible mother, who thinks her daughters much more safe—even though seventeen and nineteen—under her own care, than under that of "Inquisitiveness" and his friends.

EFFIE LEIGH (Tennessee) says: "I, like many others, have come to you for advice, knowing your willingness in helping those that stand in need of help. A, a preacher, and a most excellent young man, has been paying his respects to me for some months past, and seems very much in earnest. Now I love F, but he has never addressed me on the subject; yet I'm sure he loves me, and is too timid, or imagines himself unable to support a wife. He has a home and is in business, but does not receive much salary. A is a poor man, and depends upon the church for his support. What shall I do? Accept A, and learn to love him, or wait longer on F? I promised A an answer in two months; one month has passed, and I have not as yet made a decision, as you see. A does not know that I have any more than friendly regard for F. I've told A that I liked and respected him as a friend, and feared I could never love him as a wife should. He appears willing to risk the consequences, and says I am of an affectionate disposition, and he would prove so attentive and love me so fondly, that I will in time love him too. Will you please advise me soon?" The preacher would be the first to tell you that you should not marry one man and love another. That is impossible on any true theory of human relationship. As to timid F, do not be so sure. Wait as if you suspected nothing, till F tells you himself. Self-love sometimes misleads even the wisest young ladies who are very handsome. The Tennessee "boys" are not usually timid to excess in such matters.

AN ENGLISHMAN (Greenpoint, L. I.) says: "I had the good fortune to meet with your very excellent paper soon after landing in this country, since which time I have been a regular subscriber. I assure you I and my family would consider it a very great calamity if anything interfered to debar us from our Monday's acquisition. Will you kindly answer us the following question? I wish to become an American citizen, and would like to learn through a reliable source how to become one. I landed on the 13th of June, 1869. I shall be greatly obliged, if you will inform me through your answers to correspondents when I can become a citizen, and what steps I am to take to that end." Call at the City Hall, New York, and inquire for the court in which you are to "register a declaration of your intention to become a citizen." You make the declaration, and for a quarter will be furnished with a copy of the same. You will then be told when you become entitled to a citizen's privileges; and any lawyer can satisfy you of the truth of the statement made to you.

B. B. (Chicago) says: "I have noticed that you are very kind to people in trouble; so, as I am one of those unfortunates, I venture to appeal to you. I am sixteen years old, and am engaged to a gentleman of twenty-four. He loves me very much, and I love him, but mamma don't, for though he is a very nice young man, he has only $1,800 a year, and that don't suit my folks. We don't think of getting married for at least two years, as I am going to school, and he wants me to finish my education before I commence housekeeping. Now what am I to do: give up 'my boy,' and remain in 'maiden meditation, fancy free,' or try 'love in a cottage?' Please do not throw this aside, but give an answer as soon as possible." You carry your trouble with commendable self-control. As you mean to finish your education before beginning housekeeping, there is no hurry about the matter. If your boy is a true son of Chicago, he will have increased his $1,800 a year by the time you are educated and old enough to marry, and that will remove your mother's objection.

AMICUS (Millersburg, Pa.) says: "Have the kindness to answer the following question, and oblige. What is meant by the 'Battle of Dorking,' 'In a Pickwickian sense,' 'A Roland for an Oliver'—that is, how are these phrases to be used to make the sense intended? Or, rather, please explain them." 1. The "Battle of Dorking" is the title of a small pamphlet intended to show how easily, in the writer's view, England could be subdued by a foreign invader. 2. "In a Pickwickian sense" is a phrase from the general character of Dickens' Pickwick papers, and implies that statements made in a Pickwickian sense are not to be literally understood. 3. Roland and Oliver were knights of Charlemagne so equally matched that they could hardly be distinguished. What Roland did, Oliver did, and when at length they fought for five days, neither gained any advantage over the other. Hence the phrase is equivalent to blow for blow, or giving as good as you get.

A gentleman whose name and address we withhold writes us thus: "I am badly in want of five thousand dollars—my business being too large for my capital. You can lend it to me if you will. I will pay you in five years, with seven per cent. interest yearly. If you mean to do it, you can make any inquiries you wish." Now the city whence this comes is over a hundred miles away. The population is over a hundred thousand. Even if we were in Wall street, instead of the *Ledger* office, it is obvious that gentlemen on the spot have far greater facility than we could have for making inquiry, and an investment in what seems a fair and straight transaction. We submit this to the applicant in the kindest spirit, and invite to it the attention of others who would fain hurry the Editor into a banking business.

W. CHARLES says: "Will you please inform me, through the answers to correspondents in the New York *Ledger*, in regard to a subject that has troubled me considerably lately? It is this: Is it possible for a young man, who is under age, and residing in New York State, to get legally married in the same State without the consent of his parents? And if he can, are there any conditions to be fulfilled, or anything to be done different from the course to be pursued were he of age?" In making out marriage papers, the age of the parties is stated. Seeing one of them a minor, the officiating person would naturally inquire about the consent of parents or guardians, and if a conscientious person, would decline to marry without evidence on this point.

SIDON (Mississippi) says: "Please answer this question in the *Ledger* as soon as convenient: Does etiquette allow a young lady, after accepting a card for a call at her house from a young gentleman, the privilege of accepting another card from another young gentleman, at the same appointed time and place?" We do not quite understand. It is not customary for young gentlemen to make appointments with young ladies by giving or receiving cards, so far as we know. But if that be the custom in your section, why should the young lady be held to assume that No. 1 is making a "private and confidential" call? She may receive as many as her parlor will hold.

J. M. says: "A young lady desires your opinion in a case where a young gentleman who has been keeping company with me of late has turned his attention to another young lady. But he now has come back to me, and wants to know if I will keep company with him. I desire your opinion." If he is handsome, rich, amiable, very penitent, agreeable to Mamma and all your relations, goes to church regularly, does not smoke, chew, drink, or go into "corners;" and if, moreover, he has improved his mind by the regular reading of the *Ledger*, we approve of your receiving him again—after he has been sufficiently punished for his fickleness.

GRAMMARIAN (New York) says: "When speaking of the successors or assigns of a corporation, which is proper: *its* successors or assigns, or *their* successors or assigns?" No rule is always applicable, as you will see by referring to Blackstone's distinction between "corporations aggregate," where "their" would be proper, as a rule, and "corporations sole," where "his," or "hers" would as a rule be proper. "Its" might in some cases be proper enough.

A. B. H., a young girl who has just commenced going to a boarding-school, wishes to know if it would be wrong to correspond with a young gentleman who has been paying attention to her lately, unknown to her parents. It would be every way wrong, and a true gentleman would hesitate before asking it.

INQUIRENDO (New York) says: "Pardon me for troubling you with the following inquiry. In paying a visit, is it a rule of etiquette that a gentleman shall take his hat and cane with him into the parlor, in all cases, unless a servant requests him to leave them on the hat-stand; or is he to make use of the latter without being requested, or does it depend on the nature of his visit? Also, is he to keep both hands gloved during his visit, or will it be proper to remove the right-hand glove? The questions may seem ridiculous, but an answer in your columns will greatly oblige." Hats and ornamental canes are carried into parlors without impropriety; if a servant offer to take charge of them, they can be put in his hand. To deposit them of your own accord on the stand is in no degree improper, but would be suggestive of a long visit and some familiarity with the place. Usually the gloves are kept on the hands, particularly if they are neatly fitting and nice colored. But to remove one is not improper, and is common enough. The impression prevails in some minds that laws on these points are as precise and definite as the multiplication-table. In point of fact it is not so in good society, and some of the best-bred men ignore gloves altogether, and very few notice it. They are greater than their clothes.

R. (Binghamton) writes: "About three years ago I commenced keeping company with a young lady near my age. It was not long before I thought I loved her, and thought she loved me; consequently I asked her hand in marriage. She willingly accepted, but no time was set for the wedding to take place. One year after my mind changed, my love grew cold, and I thought I could not be happy with her, and I asked her to release me from my engagement. She said her love was stronger for me than it had ever been before; but if that was the way I felt, she did not want me to marry her. I discontinued my visits for about one year, when I began to think that I loved her again. I told her if she was willing I would renew my former engagement. She kindly consented. I have kept company with her since that time; but, on further acquaintance with her, I have come to the conclusion that I cannot be happy with her as my wife. I ask you candidly, what shall I do?" The young lady seems to possess a constancy and character which you may well envy. If you can do anything to convince her of your weakness and fickleness, we should judge, by the good sense with which she answered your former request to break off the engagement, that she would be glad to be finally rid of you.

O. H. H. (Albany, N. Y.) says: "Having been a reader of your valuable paper since the original publication of the 'Gunmaker of Moscow,' and seeing a great deal of valuable advice in answer to correspondents, I take the liberty of asking your advice in relation to a subject of great importance to my future life. Through unfortunate speculations I was forced to suspend three months ago, and now have to commence life anew. I am married and have a family. I have strong ideas of going to Denver, Colorado. What is your idea of Denver at present, and its future prospects? You would confer a great favor by giving this an immediate answer." Denver is represented to be a thriving city by those who live there, and it is supposed to have great prospects of future wealth and greatness. Whether these glowing visions will be developed into realities or not, time alone can determine. You might do well there, but of course you would have to take your chance with all the rest. As a rule, an honest man, with a family, ought to be able to do better where he is known than where he is not known.

VIC AND SLY (Vancouver) say: "Having long been readers of your invaluable *Ledger*, and knowing we can safely rely upon your good judgment, we come to you with a question, to which we hope you will pay a little attention. When a gentleman escorts a young lady home from a place of amusement in the evening, should she invite him in? and if she does, would it be proper for him to accept the invitation? We wish you would also tell us if you think it right for a lady to carry on an anonymous correspondence with a gentleman. VIC also wishes to know if a young lady should receive the attentions of more than one gentleman at once. Please answer soon, for we are anxious to hear your advice about what we have asked." A young lady should ask the gentleman to come in, and his good sense should take note of time and other circumstances, and refuse or accept as they render it prudent. We think such an anonymous correspondence unladylike and dangerous. VIC will find the rule a good one through life: "One thing at a time."

C. F. H. (St. Louis) says: "As a regular subscriber of your praiseworthy paper, I come to you for advice. My case is this: Two years ago my only brother left home and went nobody knows where, and was never heard of until about three months ago, when I heard that he was in Arkansas, but I could not find out in what city or place in Arkansas. Since my brother's departure my father and mother have both died, and I am now left all to myself. Now what I would like to know is this: How can I find my brother again? I have already thought of advertising in some Arkansas paper, but I don't know in which one to advertise; so please don't throw this aside, but advise me as to the best course to pursue, for I long to see my brother once again." Call at the office of the *Republican*, or *Democrat*, in St. Louis, or at both of those offices, ascertain from them what paper in Arkansas has the widest circulation, and then send your advertisement to it, and also request its editor to notice the matter editorially.

A. (Nashville, Tenn.) writes: "Nearly two years ago I met a young man, and ours was mutual love on first sight. I broke the engagement because my parent was not willing. He made another attempt at renewing our love affair, but I refused, although I loved him then, as now, very dearly. I have had many offers since, but cannot love any as I did him. I am engaged now to a man, and whenever he tries to hasten our marriage, my first love rises before me, causing me to compare the two. I love my first dearly, and dislike the present one. Must I be an old maid on this account, or make advances to the former? Please tell me how to act, as every word of this is true and heartfelt." Tell your parent—you do not say whether it is your father or mother who is living—the whole truth, and be governed by parental advice; only do not marry a man whom you do not love, for it would be an irreparable wrong both to yourself and to him.

A. L. R. (Somerville) says: "I see it stated in the newspapers that a cargo of Chinamen arrived at the Havana on the 7th, in a French ship, after a passage of five months from Macao. Please inform me, in your Notices to Correspondents, why the definite article is so frequently prefixed, as above, before Havana, when it is never so used in connection with other places. We do not say 'arrived at *the* Boston,' or '*the* Baltimore.' Why then do we say '*the* Havana?'" Because Havana means harbor. When the Spaniards first discovered it, they named it *El Havana*,—that is, *the* harbor, it being the most magnificent harbor in the world. English sailors and merchants dropped the Spanish article *el*, and substituted our own article, *the*, in its place, and so called the place "the Havana."

OSWEGO says: "I am a young lady eighteen years of age. Is it proper for me to meet a young gentleman that I am engaged to at his cousin's house? My mother is aware that I do so, but his father is opposed to his marrying me, and has forbidden him to go with me, and that is the only way we can see each other. I am always home by half-past nine, going about half-past seven. My mother feeling anxious about it, I would like to have your advice. He is a very nice young man, and always does just what he says." Such a "nice young man" ought to be able to obtain his father's approval of an appropriate marriage, and then he could visit you at your own home. You had better not go elsewhere to meet him.

LITTLE ROCK says: "I am an old reader of your valuable journal, and I come to you for advice. The case is this: In the year 1861, my father bought, through an agent, nearly three hundred acres of land in, or near, Little Rock, Arkansas, upon which we have paid no taxes since. Now whom would you advise me to write to about it? Please don't throw this in your scrap-basket, as it is of the greatest importance to me and several little sisters." Write to the County Clerk of Pulaski county, Little Rock, Arkansas. Little Rock is in Pulaski county, and the clerk of that county can tell you how your land is situated as to taxes, if you can give him such a description of it as will enable him to trace it on his books.

SINCERE says: "I love a young gentleman, but I am four days older than he is. He once said to me that he would never marry a woman older than he is—never, never! Now yesterday he asked me to become his wife, and I said that I would tell him next week. Please tell me whether I must inform him, or not, that he is younger than I am. If I tell him so, may be he won't love me any longer; and if I do not tell him, and he finds it out afterward, he may say that I wanted to deceive him. What must I do?" Tell your lover the truth as frankly and sweetly as you possibly can. If he really loves you, he will probably change his opinion as to marrying a woman older than himself.

WHITE HOUSE writes: "Please answer the following question through the *Ledger*, and settle a vexed question between two of your half-million readers. The law provides, as a prerequisite to application for citizenship, two years' residence in the country, and a residence of five years continuously in the country, before the person can be duly naturalized. Now, will an application for citizenship and taking out first papers entitle the applicant to vote for Presidential electors?" No. An emigrant must become fully naturalized before he can vote.

ELSIE writes: "A young gentleman asked me to correspond with him, which I refused to do; but now I regret it very much. Will you please tell me what course to pursue, in order to let him know that I have changed my mind, and wish to correspond with him? I am also corresponding with another gentleman, to whom I am engaged. Do you think it right to correspond with two gentlemen at the same time, being engaged to one?" You had better consult the gentleman to whom you are engaged, and be governed by *his* advice.

WATERPARK says: "Will you be pleased to inform one of your oldest subscribers, in next issue, who the Duke of Cumberland was, or if he had any other title of a higher order? A diversity of opinion exists with myself and some friends, and we leave it to you. There is no bet, or I would not write." The Duke of Cumberland, born May 27th, 1819, son of the late Ernest Augustus, King of Hanover, cousin of the Queen of England, is not described by any other title in the "Royal Family of Great Britain" now before us.

CHARLIE (Ohio) writes that he is deeply in love with a young lady; is "clerking it" at a salary of one thousand dollars, but has never laid up a cent, and wishes to know what he had better do. Begin to lay up something out of your salary immediately. You can live just as well on five hundred dollars a year as on a thousand, while single, if you only think so, and resolutely practice the requisite economy.

A. B. C. (Atlanta, Geo.) says: "Please tell me, in your correspondents' column, whether it is proper for a gentleman to bow when he meets a lady and gentleman, when he is acquainted with the gentleman, but does not know the lady?" Yes. He is bound not only to bow, but to raise his hat in respectful notice of the gentleman's companion.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*